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GENTLE AND TRUE.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

Who is she that shall command
All my heart's devotion?
She who's famed for beauty's dower?
Beauty lasteth but an hour,
Wrecked so soon by storms that lower
O'er Time's cruel ocean.

Who is she then that shall reign,
All my heart enchaining?
She whose gifts are of the mind,
Intellect and will combined?
Nay, in such I cannot find
Any rest remaining.

She that's tender, gentle, true,
While her love falls never,
Like a sunbeam o'er the land,
Showering good on every hand;
This is she that shall command
All my heart for ever!

A Slandered Memory

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

OH, dear me, how terribly fatigued I am," cried Mrs. Iredell plaintively, as she entered the Nunnery with Olive and Cuthbert at about 5 o'clock in the bitter February morning. "How cold the house is! It feels like a well! Do let us make haste to our bed room fires, Olive."

The drive home had been silent, but it was the silence which is eloquent. Cuthbert had not, as before, looked out of the window. He had looked at his betrothed, who sat opposite, and whose strange glittering eyes had met his with an expression of intense love. Now they stood side by side under the hall lamp, still looking dumbly at each other.

Mrs. Iredell moved forward and took up the letters which lay on the table.

"One for you, Bertie, from your solicitors—something uninteresting, no doubt."

He took the letter from her mechanically and lighted Olive's candle. Then he stood watching as the two ladies went up-stairs together, Olive lagging behind. At the top of the stairs she turned, kissed her hand, and threw down a white gardenia, which fell at his feet.

He picked it up, kissed it tenderly, and then lighted his own candle and went to his room. There his eyes fell upon the legal-looking envelope which his mother had given him, and he opened it. It contained merely an enclosure addressed to, "C. Walrond, Esq.," in a hand which was strange to him.

"Dear Mr. Walrond," it ran—"When you and I crossed together in the *Pennsylvania* from New York, you told me that you would be glad to hear of any work in the tutoring line. I dare say you have secured an appointment long before this, but, in case you have not, I venture to write and tell you of a post you could have for the asking. My cousin, Mr. Cumnor of Caroleide, is in want of a tutor for his only son, a fine boy of eight, who has been outrageously spoilt, and whose sister cannot bear the idea of his being sent to school. I think the little fellow requires more discipline than Greek and Latin, and you may consider the post on this account unworthy of your attainments; but you would have a luxurious home in a delightful part of the country, and would receive, I know, the treatment suitable to your birth and position. The salary is two hundred pounds a year. Perhaps I may ask for the favor of an early reply, as my cousin is anxious to have the boy under firm control.

"Believe me, truly yours,
"GRANTLEY E. CUMNOR."

Cuthbert stared at the paper as if it had been a charm—it was so strange, so direct an answer to his most intense desire. To be under the very roof of the usurper! It was the one thing he would have asked had some fairy appeared ready to grant him the wish he held most dear.

* * * * * *

All was dark, miserable, and cold at the little roadside station of Lavemead as Cuthbert Iredell alighted from the train and looked around in search of some one to guide his steps.

"I think this is you; Mr. Walrond?" said a courteous voice behind him; and, turning, he met the pleasant face of Major Cumnor well muffled in a fur-trimmed coat.

"This is exceedingly kind of you," returned Cuthbert hastily, as he grasped the Major's hand. "I am sure I am very grateful."

"Oh, don't mention it! I had business in this part of the world, and drove round by way of the station on my homeward road. I shall have to hurry you a little, as they dine at eight. Have you come from London?"

"Yes; I came up from Suffolk yesterday, and stayed the night in town to get one or two things I wanted. Here are my worldly goods. Let me lift them into the trap."

"Wait for a porter," began Grantley, in consternation. "Why, you lift that great portmanteau as if it were a kitten! I envy you your muscles."

"It is not heavy," said Cuthbert simply, taking his place beside the Major; and the horse started off at a swinging trot.

"How far have we to go?" asked Iredell.

"Best part of five miles. The only drawback to Caroleside is the fact of its being so difficult to get at; but that is a charm to some people—my cousin among the number."

"You live with Mr. Cumnor?"

"Most of the year. Gervase's daughter has no chaperon and is devoted to my wife. We have our own sitting-room and are perfectly independent. When they go up to London at Easter, we go off on our travels, or remain here. They generally return here for the summer months, as that is the nicest time in these parts."

"It is a fine part of the country, I hear," observed Cuthbert.

"I think so. You don't know Devonshire?"

"Not at all, though it is my native county."

"So? I trust the return to your native air may be beneficial to you."

"I hope so," said Cuthbert, with a smile.

"You will not see my cousin just now," said Grantley; "the early opening of Parliament has called him to town."

"Indeed! He is an M. P.?"

"Yes—a somewhat virulent politician. If your views clash with his, I advise you to keep them in the background. Now we are passing a lovely bit of scenery. If the night were not so dark, you could see Dentmoor and Carol Combe and the rock they call the Witch's Tor. The sea is just beyond. I will check the horse and you can hear it."

They paused, and Cuthbert could hear the low hoarse murmur of the great Atlantic as it beat ceaselessly upon the rock-bound shore. It added a touch of awe and mystery to his excitement; and, if some similar chord were touched in his companion's thoughts, the two drove on in silence. After a few hundred yards, Major Cumnor checked the horse again.

"Listen," he said; "do you hear anything?"

"The sea," replied Cuthbert, as the low roar again became distinctly audible.

"Anything more?" asked Grantley anxiously.

They both listened in silence.

"I hear the tolling of a bell—a deep muffled sound," said Cuthbert.

"You do? Bless my heart, I never believed in that till now! But it really is——"

"It is most undoubtedly a bell," returned Cuthbert, "and it seems to be a long way off."

Again they both listened, while above the roaring of the sea came the deep low notes of the bell tolling solemnly.

"Is it from the village? No! The village church is close by, to the left there, and the tone of the bell is like a cracked dinner-plate. No, indeed; this is something very different. Mr. Walrond, you must not tell my little cousin Ivy that you have heard it."

"Certainly not. But why?"

"Well, it is supposed to foretell misfortune to the owners of Caroleide. There is a submerged village down there under the waves, and the tale runs that the sea overtook this village because of the wickedness of those that dwelt there—that the only man spared was Cuthbert Cumnor, who was renowned for his piety. He built Caroleide to be out of reach of the waves: and because he had built and founded the church, which submerged like the rest of the village, it was revealed to him by a dream that, if misfortune threatened his descendants, they should be warned by the tolling of the bell."

"What a very pretty and romantic legend!" said Cuthbert. "Is it true—I mean, is there really a submerged church there?"

"Oh, yes, decidedly—the church is there!"

"Then it is highly probable that the waves might ring the bell at times when the tide was setting some particular way; don't you think so?"

"I suppose that is the explanation of it," replied the Major; "or else it is the bell of St. Mary Wellwood on the next headland, which we may hear when the wind blows due west. But what would it be ringing for at this time of night? I think your theory is the correct one. There are those hereabout who say that the bell was heard every night for a week before the present Squire's father died, five-and-thirty years now. I never heard it at all myself, and never believed in it till to-night. But it was quite unmistakable, was it not?"

"Quite. It gives a touch of weirdness to my first arrival at Caroleide."

"Here we are!" said Major Cumnor, checking the horse at the lodge gates. "Mind you say nothing to Miss Cumnor of the omen; she is rather superstitious where her family are concerned—a Cumnor to the backbone!"

It was well that the Major could not see the derisive sneer which curved the lip of the new tutor.

So she had lived, this red-haired daughter of Gervase Cumnor; she had recovered from that ghastly accident and was well again. What a strange fate was that which had so nearly led him to obtain full satisfaction for the injuries of his father by means of his enemy's daughter! He was horrified at the cruelty of his own imagination as he found himself half wishing that life had never returned to the stiffened limbs and ghastly face of the girl; he lost all sense of charity when he thought of his dead father.

The gate was open and they were traversing the very drive up which little Cuthbert Iredell had ridden on his pony in the "days beyond recalling." He felt a choking sensation at his throat, his sensitive nature was strongly stirred. Then the dog-cart stopped, the door was opened, and, like one in a dream, he stepped into the hall. Then suddenly it all came back to his memory, the old home so long forgotten. With eyes moist with unshed tears he recognized the place—the wide hearth, the trophies of armor and crossed weapons, the quaint stairway winding up in one corner, the skins and rugs on the floor, the ugly but priceless Holbein panel above the chimney-piece. He looked round half expecting to see Alma, the old bloodhound, stretched sleepily in front of the fire, or to find a fortress built with wooden bricks rising on the black and red squares of the tiled floor.

When the Major first told him that he would not see the master of Caroleide that evening, he had felt annoyed; he was anxious to have the meeting over. Now standing under this roof which he steadfastly believed was his by right, he could only be thankful that Gervase Cumnor was nowhere to be seen; for he felt that had his father's traducer been present he would have flown at his throat.

"Welcome to Caroleide!" said the kindly Major, laying a hand upon Cuthbert's shoulder. "I hope you will be comfortable here, my dear fellow. Fine old place, isn't it?"

"Very," agreed the tutor absently.

"Drew, show Mr. Walrond to his room," went on Major Cumnor. Then to Cuthbert—"You have barely time for your toilet. We dine in a quarter of an hour."

"Miss Cumnor put dinner off till a quarter-past eight, sir," said the servant.

"Ah, indeed! Thoughtful of Ivy. That will give you comfortable time. If you cannot find your way down, ring the bell when you are ready; the plan of the house is somewhat complicated."

"If you cannot find your way down!" repeated Cuthbert to himself, with a sardonic smile, as he ascended once more the staircase up which his childish feet had daily clambered.

All seemed so unchanged, so charged with memories. There was the portrait of his ancestress, Mrs. Rachel Cumnor, painted by Romney, fronting him with its dazzling smile and brilliancy of maidenhood as in the old days when his father had held him up to kiss "the pretty lady." Here was the passage which led to the nursery, and here that which his baby-feet had so constantly pattered along—the way to his father's room.

When he had been ushered into the bedroom provided for him and heard the door close behind the retreating servant, he sank down upon a low chair and covered his face with his hands, while for ten minutes he struggled fruitlessly with a great and unexpected flood of feeling. It seemed to him as if his father's voice, across the long gulf of years, were calling to his son to vindicate that honor which in life he had held so dear.

Suddenly a murmur of voices roused him; he raised his head and listened.

* * * * * *

In a room adjoining that which was assigned to Mr. Walrond lights were burning, and a young girl in evening dress sat on the edge of a low white bed, one arm round the little figure of Master Roy Cumnor, who, in his night attire, his curly head leaning against his sister, was listening to the old, old story of the Bible from her gentle lips.

Ivy held her little Bible in her hand, but she was not reading from it; she was paraphrasing its words to suit the mind and capacities of her little brother.

"And so," she was saying, "Joseph forgave all his brothers and they were all happy together; and Joseph was never unkind to them, nor did he ever remind them of how spiteful they had been. Though they had done him so much harm, he for-

gave it all because he loved them; and that is what you must always do, my darling Roy. You must love every one, and then, however unkind they may be to you, you will always be able to forgive them. It is not hard to forgive people that we love."

Iredell, with a start, found himself an unwilling listener.

There was a door of communication between his room and that occupied by his little pupil, and this door had been accidently left ajar.

The low, sweet, but penetrating voice of Ivy was distinctly audible. He listened, holding his breath.

"I couldn't love such beasts as those brothers must have been," said Roy, with conviction. "Why, they took away everything he had—even his coat off his back! He couldn't have loved them really, you know, Sis."

"He did, he really did; he longed to throw his arms round them and kiss them. It says so."

"I can understand his loving Benjamin, because he was only a little chap, and had never played him any dirty tricks," observed Roy thoughtfully; "but, if he loved the others too, he was a brick, and I'm afraid I shall never be as good as he was. Shall I say my prayers now, Sis?"

Noiselessly Iredell approached the door and shut it.

He would not pry further into the bedtime confidences of this brother and sister; but what he had heard smote his conscience, for it was so strangely applicable to his own case; and he could scarcely help comparing the little unconscious boy in the next room in his own mind with Benjamin, who "had never played him any dirty tricks."

Hastily donning his evening clothes, he descended the stairs, and asked the footman, who was crossing the hall, where he was to go.

The man replied by showing him into Ivy's strange, fantastically beautiful boudoir, in which the family usually sat of an evening when strangers were not present.

Major and Mrs. Cumnor were there, and, as he entered, it seemed to Iredell that the Major's wife, with her modern gown and little lace head-dress, looked out of place in her quaint surroundings.

He was cordially greeted by her, and then stood with the Major in the kindly glow of the fire, thinking half sadly that such a lovely room was wasted in the nineteenth century; one would never find an occupant to match such surroundings.

As the thought crossed his mind, there was the sound of a gently-opened door; the scarlet plush curtain was drawn back by a small and very white hand and wrist, and there stood before his eyes the guardian genius of the place—A creature so marvellously suited to the quaint room in which she stood that at first he felt he must be dreaming.

Slim and fragile-looking, she seemed almost unnaturally pale as she stood against the scarlet curtain. Her soft white dress was draped in long delicate folds; the sleeves, although in reality fitting to perfection, were artfully contrived to look as if the material had been carelessly bound round her lovely arm.

The neck of the dress was cut round, about two inches below the throat: on the fair neck was a foreign-looking necklace of beautiful and intricate design, dark blue lapis-lazuli set in gold.

Above was the small head with its burnished coronet of hair, its perfect purity of complexion, and its great violet eyes exactly matching the dark blue stones of the necklace.

Could this be the girl whose inanimate form he had supported through so many weary minutes? Yes—the hair was unmistakable.

He remained quite still, staring almost rudely at this vision, so utterly unlike any girl he had ever seen; then he heard the Major say—

"Ivy, this is Mr. Walrond."

She smiled and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Welcome to Carolside!" she said cordially; and then something in Iredell's face seemed to impress her.

She looked up at him with dilated eyes, with an earnest gaze which made him feel uncomfortable.

"I am sure I have seen you somewhere before!" she exclaimed.

"My dear child," said the Major, laughing, "he hasn't been in England three months, so I hardly think that's likely."

"Then he is very like some one I have seen," persisted Ivy. "I shall puzzle my brains," she went on, smiling at Iredell, "until I find out of whom you remind me."

"I am sorry to prove such a nuisance," he answered; "but I am afraid I cannot help you in your search."

"There—your voice too! Grantley, you may laugh, but I am sure Mr. Walrond and I have met before!"

"I should hardly forget it if such were the case," said Cuthbert, hating himself for the equivocation.

As he spoke, a plaintive whining and scratching was heard at the window, and the girl turned suddenly.

"There is Prince Charlie—I must let him in! Undo the bolt for me, please, Grantley," she said, running to the heavy curtains and drawing them back. "Oh"—stopping suddenly—"I have seen the new moon through the glass! What a bad omen!"

"Ivy, what a baby you are!" said Agnes reprovingly.

"Oh, that is what the folk always say hereabouts—and indeed I half believe it!" persisted Ivy, laughing. "Some very bad luck must be in store for us, for this is the second omen!"

"What was the first, pray?"

"The big dog in the yard howled all last night! And now I have seen the moon through glass! There ought to be a third omen—there really ought!" said the girl meditatively.

Grantley and Iredell exchanged glances.

"You deserve to be put in the corner, you superstitious little muff!" remarked the Major fondly.

"Old families are always superstitious," said Ivy, holding her little head very erect. "It would be wrong for a Cumnor to despise omens. I really am afraid there is some bad fortune in store for us. Some one will be hearing the bell of St. Leonard next, as they did when grandpapa died. It is strange"—suddenly turning her eager face to Cuthbert and fixing her eyes upon him—"that bad omens should accompany your arrival here. I hope you are not going to bring us bad luck."

CHAPTER XIV.

CUTHBERT Iredell started up the next morning from an uneasy dream in which Olive figured riding madly for Deadman's Gully on a furious horse which she could not control, while he himself, struggling to reach her, was impeded by a little child called Benjamin, who clung round his neck, while in the distance a muffled bell tolled unceasingly. Waking suddenly, he rubbed his eyes, stretched out his arms, and, turning over, beheld the door between his room and Roy's wide open, the clear light of morning shining through, and in the doorway the most beautiful child he had ever beheld, barefooted and in his night-dress.

"Hullo!" said Cuthbert.

"Can I come in? Did I wake you up?" asked the little boy.

"Come in! Are you Roy?" asked Cuthbert good-humoredly.

"Yes, I'm Roy. Are you Mr. Walrond?"

"That's my name. You'll catch your death of cold standing there without your shoes."

"Perhaps I'd better come inside your bed?" suggested Roy insinuatingly.

"All right—come along!" said Iredell, sinking back with a laugh.

The child was soon lying beside him.

"This is jolly!" said Roy. "Only Robert will come to call you in a minute. I wish I had waked you earlier.

"I am thankful you did not. I was very tired."

"I heard you come last night. I wanted to stay and see you, but Sis wouldn't let me."

"So she told me."

"Did she tell you how very naughty I am?"

"No."

"Well, I am. Nurse says you'll never manage me."

"What does nurse know about it?"

Roy looked seriously at his tutor, and answered—

"I shall always scream whenever you tell me to do anything I don't want to—I always do!"

"Well, what does that matter?" queried Cuthbert.

Roy looked puzzled.

"I scream—I make a most awful row!" he said.

"Well, what of that?"

"Don't you mind screaming?"

"Not at all."

Roy evidently could not believe his ears.

"But nurse says you'll be obliged to let me have my own way if I only scream long enough."

"If you scream till Tuesday week, it won't matter to me," declared Cuthbert; "I shall only put you where you can't bother other people with your noise."

There was a long pause; then Roy asked—

"Should you mind if I kicked?"

"No, not at all! There's only one thing would make me really angry—that would be for you to tell me a fib."

"I never do that!" declared the child, with a proud gesture.

"Then you and I shall get on splendidly," replied his tutor.

"But I won't do my lessons!" pursued the pupil.

"Why?"

"Because I hate lessons!"

"Oh, I thought it must be because you hated play-time!"

"What do you mean?" said the boy puzzled.

"Why, if you have no lessons, you will have no play either. You must have both or none. No work, no play—should you like that?"

"No, I shouldn't. I think you're a very funny man. I thought you'd have gray hair and spectacles; but you've got a big moustache—bigger than Grantley's. Are you in the Army?"

"No."

"You look like an officer. Oh, bother—there's Robert come to fill your bath! Hi, Robert—come and see where I am!"

"I'll take an' tell your nurse of you, Master Roy,—that I will," said Robert—"a-disturbing of Mr. Walrond like this! Shall I carry him away, if you please, sir?"

"No, no; he'll go when I send him."

"Asking your pardin, sir, but he won't! Master Roy won't never do nothing nobody tells him to."

"All right, Robert—I will manage him," said Cuthbert quietly.

"I advise you to look your door, sir," observed Robert, dashing the water vindictively into the bath. "You'll never get a night's rest once he knows you'll let him come bothering you. Shall I send nurse for 'im, sir?"

"No, thank you," answered Cuthbert; and Robert retired discomfited.

"Do you want me to go?" asked Roy, laying a little damask cheek confidingly against that of his new friend.

"I expect you'll have to be off if I am to be down in time for breakfast. Pull my watch out from under the pillow and tell me what time it is."

"Eight o'clock," announced Roy.

"Very well. Do you think you could put the watch on my dressing-table without breaking it?"

"Of course I could!" replied Roy, scrambling out of bed with alacrity.

"Thanks. What a useful fellow you are! Now you had better go back to your room and get dressed yourself, as I shall want you to show me about."

"May I? Oh, hurrah!" cried the child, and ran forthwith into his own room, banging the door behind him.

His tutor smiled; he did not anticipate much trouble in curbing the spirit of a fine open-natured child like this.

The other task he had put before himself was much harder; and how to set about it he had not the least idea.

From his mother's lips he had gradually drawn the full particulars of what had happened at the time of his father's death.

There had been no trial—indeed the case had not been brought into court at all. Mrs. Iredell had calmly and unhesitatingly renounced her son's inheritance and acknowledged Gervase Cumnor's right to succeed.

Old General Verey was dead and gone; Sir Hugh Walrond, Cuthbert's other sponsor, had urged Mrs. Iredell to try to obtain at least a suitable provision for herself and son—but in vain.

Her husband's sudden and awful death seemed to have completely unhinged her. She was convinced of his guilt—incapable of effort.

She had calmly made way for the usurper, and retired herself on her pension as a Colonel's widow, added to a small annual sum which her husband had inherited from his mother.

Both Sir Hugh Walrond and Mr. Chillingham, the Colonel's solicitor, were strongly of opinion that something should be done; but there was one ugly fact which stared them in the face, and that was the Colonel's suicide. They knew that Gervase Cumnor had no means of proving the forgery conclusively.

He could adduce the documents found in Colonel Iredell's drawer; he could show his marvellous imitation of the testator's signature; he could quote his own admission of having been up late writing in the library in a state of great nervous excitement on the night of old Mr. Cumnor's death.

But, though all this was evidence, it was by no means proof. Nothing could have incriminated Colonel Iredell as did his own mad act of self-destruction; it was equivalent to a full confession of fraud.

"No innocent man would have taken such a course," would be the first idea of any jury; and, with such an ugly barrier staring them in the face, Sir Hugh and Mr. Chillingham did not like to urge the widow to embark on a tedious and costly course of litigation. Sir Hugh, whose own health was failing, died two years afterwards; Mr. Chillingham followed him in another ten years.

Had the affair been taken into court at the time, a fact would have been elicited which must have proved damaging to Gervase Cumnor's case.

His cousin had been in possession of Carolside more than seven years when he, Gervase, first put in his claim.

He had been in America at the time of his father's death, and he had remained there without attempting to assert himself.

The reason given for this was that he had no money and could not afford to go to law. But, when he did finally return, he was as poor as ever.

In the spring of that particular year died Mr. Griffiths, the lawyer who had made old Mr. Cumnor's will. To young Cuthbert Iredell this was a deeply significant fact.

In the lifetime of the man who would have been the best person to judge whether the will was forged or not the question of forgrey was never once raised. But then, if everything was so straight-forward and simple, the question always remained—Why did Colonel Iredell commit suicide?

Cuthbert answered this in his own mind by a counter-question—Was it so certain that he did commit suicide? The facts known were simply these. The Colonel had a stormy interview with his wife. He left her saying that he felt inclined to hang himself. Some hours later he was found shot through the temples, a revolver lying near him which was identified as his own. On these grounds the coroner's jury of five-and-twenty years back found a verdict of suicide while in a state of great mental depression.

From the hazy and lengthy account of the inquest which Cuthbert had found in the "*West Devonshire Chronicle*," it appeared to have been thought unnecessary to inquire whether the Colonel had taken out his revolver that day, or whether he was in the habit of carrying such a weapon.

On the subject of his mysterious death the dead man's son had two hypotheses. Either the Colonel blew out his brains in despair at discovering the incurable faithlessness and folly of the woman whom he had loved so well or he was murdered.

When the religious, benevolent nature of the man was considered, the latter conjecture seemed far more probable.

It did not appear that any one at the inquest had troubled to find out how Mr. Gervase Cumnor had really spent that afternoon. He had been for a walk.

He had voluntarily offered to call a witness who had met him in a certain lane in an opposite direction to that in which the dead man was found. Nobody had asked him to call this witness. That fact seemed suspicious to Cuthbert. But how, after the lapse of all these years, was anything to be proved?

When his own mother, in spite of all he could say, believed in the guilt and suicide of her husband, what hope was there that he, Cuthbert, could persuade any jury to believe otherwise?

He was convinced that Gervase Cumnor knew well enough why he was disinherited, and why the will was in his cousin's favor. Oh for the dead to arise and speak!

As he dressed himself in the cold light of the winter morning, he almost made up his mind that the visit to the old home was only harrowing his feelings for nothing—that his poverty rendered him helpless—that there was no justice in the world.

And yet he could not give up his plan. It had become the ruling passion of his life, this desire to clear his father's name—even more important to him than his engagement to Olive Pierrepoint.

That engagement scarcely seemed a reality—it was more like a strange bewildering dream. Olive had so managed that he should not know that when she engaged herself to him she knew of Sir Charles Mauleverer's engagement to Miss Phelps.

She was still his ideal, but he had hardly yet grasped the fact that she was pledged to her for life. Like the honorable fellow he was, he had told her all the circumstances of his father's fate. She had listened with deep attention, and at last she had said—

"And why did not Gervase Cumnor marry your mother?"

"Marry my mother?" he had echoed.

"No doubt she expected him to do so. I believe she is single now for love of him. I know of more than one at the present moment whom she could have by holding up her little finger. I wonder why he did not?"

Cuthbert had reflected long over Olive's words.

Mr. Walrond's meditations were interrupted by the sound of the breakfast gong, and, hurrying on his coat, he left the room and made for the staircase.

At a turn of the corridor he came face to face with a middle-aged woman, tall and energetic-looking, with smooth iron gray hair and small but very expressive light blue eyes, which however did not convey the idea of cunning, only of a very high order of intelligence and an indomitable will.

By her dress he concluded she was the nurse of whom Roy had spoken: and he was about to bid her a civil "good morning," when she started back with an unmistakable gesture of fear and a half suppressed exclamation, her healthy color fading and leaving her deadly pale.

"I have startled you, I fear," said Cuthbert.

She looked at him for a moment, as if she did not understand what he said, then collected herself with an evident effort.

"I'm sure I beg pardon, sir" she replied, "but you put me so in mind——" Here she paused, then added, "The corners in these passages are so sharp—one does knock against people so sudden! You are Mr. Walrond, sir?"

"I am. Are you Master Roy's nurse?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, but seemed anxious to pass him and get out of his way. The color was returning very slowly to her face. Evidently she had received a far severer shock than was likely to be caused by the sudden meeting of a stranger in a corridor—a stranger for whose presence she was in a measure prepared.

Cuthbert passed on, rather puzzled as to what could have caused such emotion in so practical-looking a person.

As soon as the woman had turned the corner of the corridor and was out of sight, she leaned against the wall and pressed her hand to her bosom.

"Heaven have mercy on us! I wonder if the master will see it? He's the living image of the poor Colonel!" she gasped.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Fight With a King.

BY L. T. K.

"AH, would yer? Take that!"

"And you take that, and see how yer likes it!"

Such were the shouts which, mingled with oaths, stamping, and the sound of savage blows, echoed through a dark, foul, cut-throat lane in one of the worst parts of Whitechapel, one dark autumn night nearly seventy years ago, when George IV. was king of England, and when London was a very different place from what it is now.

Three men had halted at the entrance of the lane, as if doubting whether to turn into it or not; but the moment the uproar of the fray reached their ears, the tallest of the three cried gleefully—

"Hurrah! we are in luck! Here's a fight going on, and we're just in time to join in. Come along!"

And he dashed into the gloomy alley, with his two comrades close at his heels.

The three new comers wore the rough clothes and slouched, greasy caps which seemed to be the fashionable costume of this ruffianly quarter; but had there been light enough to see them plainly, any passer-by might well have wondered how men so meanly dressed came to have such white hands, such well-trimmed whiskers, and such proud, handsome, high-bred faces.

As their leader had said, they came just in time to take part in the fight that was going on. Four big, dirty, savage-looking men—evidently ruffians of the lowest class, and all more or less intoxicated—were hammering each other with yells of brutal rage by the glimmer of the solitary lamp that faintly broke the darkness of this evil place, while a fifth man (a huge, brawny fellow with a broad flat nose and bull-dog jaw) leaned against the wall with his hands in his pockets, watching the sport with unmistakable enjoyment.

This appreciative spectator was dressed like a Thames waterman, and such indeed he was; but he could handle his fists quite as skillfully as his oars, and had long since made the name of "Fighting Ben Badger," the terror of the whole waterside district from Wapping Stairs to London Bridge. Fond of fighting though he was, however, Ben was not naturally quarrelsome, and usually required some provocation to rouse him; but when once he was roused, it was apt to go very hard with his opponent.

The four-handed fight was at its hottest, when a small, ragged, half-starved, miserable-looking boy, disturbed from his sleep in a dark corner close to the scene of action by the yells and curses of the combatants, started out in terror, and attempted to run away; but in doing so he came into collision with one of the scuffling men who stumbled and all but fell.

The infuriated ruffian launched out a savage kick at the child (which would certainly have killed him had it reached its mark), and then, darting forward, was just about to clutch his victim by the throat, when a crushing blow on the temple knocked him down like a ninepin.

"Take that, you coward!" shouted the tallest of the three strangers (who had just come up to the spot), "and hit some one of your own size, will you? And you," he added, turning to the rest, "do you call yourselves men, and will you look on and see a child ill-used by a great hulking beast like that? You're a pack of cowardly brutes and you ought to be ashamed to show your faces among honest Englishmen!"

The other three brawlers eyed the newcomer in blank amazement; but just then Ben Badger—apparently feeling himself called to the front by this sweeping rebuke—stepped forward and growled—

"Look 'ere, Mr. Longshanks, if you gives us any more o' yer sauce, blowed if I don't knock yer head off!"

"You'd better be quite sure that you can do it," retorted the Unknown, coolly taking off his coat; "but if you'd like to try, I'm your man."

"Here, let me tackle him!" whispered one of the stranger's comrades, imploringly; "he's a noted fighter, and you may get badly hurt. Remember what your life is worth!"

"Thanks, I can do my own fighting," said the other, with a calm dignity, strangely at variance with his mean dress. "I command you not to interfere—you understand that, I hope!"

The next moment he stood face to face with "Fighting Ben."

The big boatman began as usual by pressing on and trying to beat down his enemy by sheer strength and weight; but this time the plan did not work so well, for the stranger was evidently a very skillful boxer, as well as a man of uncommon strength. Twice Ben made a rush, and twice a blow that would have instantly disabled any less powerful man sent him staggering back again.

"You knows how to fight, you does," said he, in a tone of sullen admiration; "but I've got to lick yer, whether or no."

And then began such a hail of blows as none of the lookers on, practised fighters though they all were, had ever seen before. The sledge hammer fists of the combatants went to and fro so quickly that the eye could hardly follow them, while the spectators, too deeply interested even to shout, held their breath as they watched this battle of giants, and listened to the hard breathing and muttered curses of the fighters.

Suddenly a terrible hit full on the chest sent the Unknown reeling back against the wall; but as Fighting Ben, with a shout of savage triumph, sprang in to finish his work, the stranger drew himself together, and dealt him a blow in the face that echoed all along the gloomy alley like the thud of a carpenter's mallet; and down went the Thames champion on his back as if struck by a cannon ball.

He was up again directly, however, and came on again with unabated fierceness, battered and bleeding though he was; while the stranger (who seemed to be considerably the older man of the two) felt his breath and strength beginning to fail with the strain of this superhuman struggle.

Plainly enough it was time to end the combat; and as Badger came on again, the stranger, cleverly dodging a tremendous blow, sprang in and grappled. For a moment the two were so squeezed and twisted together, that the anxious eyes which watched them could hardly tell which was which; and then Ben's burly form was swung fairly off its feet, and hurled to the earth with such force that he lay stunned and senseless.

"I think he has had enough," said the conqueror, quietly. "Pick him up, some of you, and see if he's hurt."

The hulking ruffians around him, awed by his commanding tone as well as by the prowess that he had just displayed, obeyed at once.

Just at that moment three or four constables (for the new police had not yet begun to exist) came up to the spot—too late, as usual—and the light of the lantern carried by the foremost of them fell full upon the face of the victorious boxer.

"Bless my soul!" cried the man, pulling off his hat and making a clumsy bow, "who'd ever ha' thought of seein' your Majesty here!"

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" whispered the tall pugilist, angrily.

But it was too late, for all the bystanders had heard and understood the constable's exclamation.

"The King!" cried the four roughs with one voice, staring as if their eyes would start out.

"Are you really the King, guv'nor?" asked Ben Badger, who had by this time recovered his senses, and was rising rather unsteadily to his feet.

"I *am* the King, at your service," answered George IV., clapping him heartily on the shoulder with one hand, while offering him a guinea with the other.

"Well, by jingo," cried Ben, pocketing the money, "I've said many a hard word of kings in my time, but if they can all fight like you, blow me if I ever says another word agin 'em as long as I live!"

And to the end of his days Ben Badger always said that, "for a king, old George warn't a bad sort o' chap arter all."

A LUCKY DISEASE.—The celebrated mathematician who threw down "Ivanhoe" in disgust because "it proved nothing," must have had a pretty strong professional instinct; and so too must the English lawyer who fought a duel with a half sovereign in his vest pocket, and had the coin driven into his side by the bullet; for, when a surgeon probed his wound, out came "three shillings and four pence," the traditional "six and eightpence" being instinctively retained. But in the medical annals of a certain town in the south of France is preserved the record of a case which for surpasses them both.

A traveler was taken suddenly ill while passing through the town, and carried into the principal hotel in a state of weakness which greatly alarmed the people of the house who lost no time in sending for the nearest doctor.

The latter was an enthusiast in his art, and listened with undisguised interest to the messenger's account of the patient's symptoms, which, confused and rambling though it was, seemed to excite the doctor in an extraordinary way.

With every word of the story the worthy physician's emotion became more violent and uncontrollable, until the messenger, inwardly ascribing it to fear, began to be rather disturbed himself, feeling certain that the invalided traveler must have brought with him some new and dangerous form of pestilence.

But he was soon undeceived, for the doctor gave him barely time to finish his tale before hurrying off to the scene of action as fast as his feet would carry him.

Arrived there, he flew at once to the sick man's room, and began to question him closely, and to examine him with the admiring attention of a naturalist inspecting a new species, while his own face grew every moment more radiant with joy.

At length he suddenly sprang to his feet, and flinging his hat to one end of the room and his wig to the other, rapturously embraced the invalid, and shouted in a voice that made the room ring—

"My dear sir, I congratulate you with all my heart; you have been fortunate enough to revive a disease which has been supposed extinct for the last six centuries!"

NO CHILDREN.—Unhappy parents who, whenever they seek for flats, run against the autocratic "No children permitted in this building," should take a leaf from the experience of a cute Yankee with four children.

He moved to this city last spring, and he and his wife, after a few days in a hotel, went flat hunting.

Wherever they went they met this objection against children. His wife became discouraged and wanted to go back to their rural home in New England, where their children had had the range of a large yard and garden.

But our Yankee friend was a man of resources. He got on his thinking cap one evening, and the next morning he started out by himself, leaving Mrs. Yankee at the hotel with the children.

At the first house where he found a flat which suited him this dialogue with the janitor took place:

"What is the rent of this flat?"

"Nine hundred dollars a year."

"I will lease it for a year if there are no children in the house. I will not take it if there are any."

"There are not any. You may depend upon that."

This manœuvre threw the agents of the flat off of their guard. Nothing was asked of our Yankee about the possession of children by him.

The lease was made out and executed, the advance payment was made, and then he moved in, wife, children and all.

There was a grand tableau of indignation on the part of the owner of the flat. But there the Yankees were, young and old, and there they will be until the first of next May. Nothing can get them out.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.—Arab Christians of the Holy Land still observe the ancient and noteworthy custom at every funeral, before burying their dead, always to place a fresh olive branch beneath the head of the departed. In doing so it is their object, as they say, "to enable the departed to reach eternity with the olive branch of peace."

THE OPAL.—The peerless starry opal, that child of love, as it has been called, far from being an unlucky stone as it is now supposed to be, was once believed by Albertus Magnus and others to rejoice the heart of its owner by rendering him lovable and bestowing upon him the gift of invisibility, which made it the patron-stone of robbers. To be on the right side of this gem's influence some say that one ought never to accept it as a present.

ROOKS.—Rooks are not destitute of moral sentiments, or at all events of the laws of social morality. There is a well-authenticated story of a pair of rooks being detected in stealing sticks from neighboring nests to save the trouble of breaking them off for themselves. A high court of justice was impanelled, the guilty pair were tried and condemned, and their nests—by that time nearly completed—were pulled down as a punishment and a warning.

BONIFACE.—The name of "boniface," as applied to hotel keepers, is derived from a good, devout, and hospitable man whom St. Augustine created a saint. Subsequently he became the patron saint of Germany, and it was in that country, according to some writers, that hotel or tavern-keepers, as well as those among private citizens who were hospitable, and who at times "kept open house," as the saying is, were dubbed bonifaces. Dante refers to Boniface; so do Shakespeare, Bacon, and Lamb.

A PANACEA.—The latest universal cure certainly gives points to its predecessors. The patient—hysterical, paralytic, nervous, or what not—is introduced to a mirror, which is suddenly set going so rapidly as to seem to the astonished sufferer to be a single point of intense light. The rays, converging horizontally upon the victim's eye, send him into a state of unconsciousness, in some cases so quickly that he seems to have been struck by lightning; and from this state he comes to himself—cured.

THE VANILLA-BEAN.—The vanilla-bean is the costliest bean on earth. It flourishes in Mexico, chiefly in Papantla and Misantla. It grows wild, and is gathered and brought to market by the natives. Just as they come from the forest, the beans sell at two pounds or two pounds ten shillings a thousand. After the beans are dried and cured, they are worth from thirty to fifty shillings a pound, according to quality. Last year the vicinity of Papantla alone exported sixty million beans. They are used by druggists and confectioners, and are an important article of commerce.

SUICIDE.—English and American girls occasionally commit suicide through disappointment of not getting married; but Chinese young girls so dread the matrimonial chain that they frequently prefer death to marriage. "Of all people," said Confucius, "women are the most difficult to manage. If you are familiar with them, they become froward, and if you keep them at a distance, they become discontented." So many are the disabilities of married women that many girls prefer going into nunneries, or even committing suicide, to trusting their future to men of whom they can know nothing but from the interested reports of the go-betweens.

CHINESE LADIES.—A native Chinese journal, discussing the practice of cramping ladies' feet, says that the origin of the strange custom seems to be lost in obscurity. In the eighth century of our era the wife of an Emperor of the Tang dynasty is said to have worn shoes only three inches long, and one theory assigns the practice to the fourth century A. D., "when Pan Fei danced before the last of the Sovereigns of the Tsi dynasty; and every footstep made a lily grow." It is also said that it originated in the tenth century, when a beautiful concubine of one of the Emperors tied up her feet with silk in the shape of a crescent moon, and all the other beauties of the time imitated her.

HEAVY-HEARTED.

BY C. M.

The moon is faded to a narrow rim
Of saddest silver—dull and blind and cold
Hangs the wide sky—the wood with mist is dim,
And all the world seems tired, and worn, and old.

Old hopes, so fondly cherished all in vain—
Old fantasies, which no expression found,
And old familiar places in my brain
Like dusty wheels are turning round and round.

Oh for the moon to fill her faded rim
With glad, new gold—for morn to come again,
And all the heavy east with sunshine trim;
And yet too well I know such wishes vain.

Not morning, when she lays her ruddy beams
Upon the groundwork of the stars, is bright—
Nor evening, when each rainbow color gleams
Upon his front, unless the heart is light.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NINE days later Cyril and Norah were walking along the parade at Torquay. It is summer and sunshine at this English Naples when the rest of England is cowering before the wintry blast, and these two young people walked arm in arm under the bright rays of King Sol, sauntering as slowly as if the month were June instead of November.

Nine days of perfect happiness will work miracles, and in these nine days Norah had lost all her pallor, and was as blooming a bride as even the most passionate of lovers could desire.

Indeed, it was not the Norah who watched, pale and weary, beside the sick bed of her supposed father, not the Norah flying from the Court and crushed by the fear of Guildford Berton, who walked with springy step and erect head; but quite a different Norah, with the rose of health on her cheeks, and the light of happiness in her eyes as she leaned upon her husband's arm.

"And you don't ask me why I want you to go back to the Court so suddenly, dearest?" Cyril said.

"No," she replied, turning her lovely eyes upon him trustfully. "Why should I? Didn't I promise to obey—and obedience means asking no questions. If you don't wish to tell me why we are going there to-morrow, why—well, don't. I am quite satisfied!"

Cyril—there happened to be no one in sight at the moment—bent down—he hadn't to bend very low—and kissed the soft red lips.

"Norah, I always suspected that I had married an angel, now I know it! Will it be painful to you to go there, dearest?"

Norah thought for a moment.

"No," she said softly. "I was very happy there sometimes, and I—well, I grew to love the grand old place; and will you mind my saying that I shall feel rather sorry when I think to-morrow will be the last time I may ever see it again?"

Cyril was silent for a moment.

"Perhaps it won't be," he said guardedly. "The new earl may—well, may be friendly, and invite us now and again—especially as you have surrendered all that money so readily."

Norah laughed gently.

"I don't know that it would be wise to be too intimate with earls and countesses—always excepting the dear Ferndales! Don't they say that professional people should keep to their own class? Perhaps if you knew too many 'swells,' as Jack calls them, you would grow lazy and discontented. You see how prudent I am becoming," and she laughed. "Cyril."

"Well!"

"When are we going to begin housekeeping, dear?" she asked, nestling closer to him, and looking up in his face with a delicious gravity in her eyes. "I can't tell you how anxious I am to begin the part of the economical wife and housekeeper. I think I shall take lessons in cookery—would you mind?—and I mean to watch every penny. Shall we be—don't laugh, sir!—shall we be very poor? Mind, I don't care if we shall be——"

Cyril colored. She was treading on very delicate ground for him.

"Well, er—not very poor as incomes go," he said. "You know what Lord Newall is going to pay me for the pictures I am finishing? And there are plenty of commissions in hand. No. I rather think we shall be—well, tolerably off."

Norah sighed.

"Do you know I am not so glad as I ought to be?" she said with a laugh. "I had set my heart upon providing myself a miracle of economy and management. But never mind; at any rate we shall have to be careful, I suppose?"

"Well—er—yes!" he said, and at once began to talk about the journey of the morrow.

They started quite early the next day, and Norah cast a wistful glance at the sunny watering place as the train moved out of the station. She had been so supremely and perfectly happy there, you see. It was a long journey, and they did not arrive at Santleigh until late in the afternoon.

"Shall we stay at the Court, or the inn, or are we going to Ferndale?" asked Norah with a smile. "You are very mysterious in your movements, sir!"

"It all depends," replied Cyril. "Anyhow, here is the Court brougham. Would you mind staying at the Court, or would you prefer to go on to Ferndale?"

Norah was puzzled by his manner, but kept her promise, and refrained from asking any questions.

"I shall like just what you like to do," she replied, and of course he put his arm round her and kissed her.

They reached the Court, and she was stricken dumb with surprise at the sight of the Ferndales and Jack, who, with Mr. Petherick, were grouped in the hall evidently anxiously awaiting their arrival.

"Why, what does it all mean?" she exclaimed as she flew to Lady Ferndale with a little cry of delight. "Why are you all here—why are we here? Has the earl come back? Mr. Petherick, surely you don't mean to keep me in the dark?"

"Not for a moment, my dear young lady!" he responded, with a little cough of bewilderment. "I should be only too glad to enlighten you in respect to this—this—mystery; but I'm as much in the dark as you are. All I know is that I have received a communication from the earl——" They had moved into the drawing-room by this time, and he stood in the centre of the group looking from one to the other. "His lordship has written stating that he has invited you and Mr. Burne and our good friends here to dinner to-night, and that he hopes to have the pleasure of meeting them. The note reached me this morning, and contains just that and nothing more!"

Norah remained silent and open-eyed looking from one to the other.

"It's very mysterious," said Lady Ferndale with perfect gravity. "But, at any rate, whether the missing young man puts in an appearance or not, I hope the dinner will be all right, for those young people must be terribly hungry. Come along, dear, there is barely time to dress!" And she carried Norah off.

Norah found her old room ready for her, and Harman waiting to attend upon her as of old; and in a condition of wonderment beyond description, changed her travelling dress for an evening one.

The sight of Harman awakened all the painful memories connected with Becca South. She asked gently if Harman had heard any tidings of the lost girl, and Harman, with a sigh, shook her head.

"No, my lady—no, ma'am—not a word, and——"

She was going to add, "I shall never hear of her again," but she did not want to sadden her beloved mistress, and changed the subject.

Presently the big gong resounded through the house, and Norah went down into the drawing-room.

The Ferndales were there and Jack, but not Cyril nor Mr. Petherick.

Norah looked round.

"He is not here yet!" said Lady Ferndale, taking her hand, and drawing her to her almost protectingly. "Are you very anxious to see the new earl, Norah?"

Norah smiled. A kind of presentiment of some approaching surprise and climax suddenly flashed upon her, but it was vague and indefinite.

"Are not you?" she said. "What does it all mean, and why does he come in this mysterious manner. Where is Cyril?"

"He will be here directly; he is in the library with Mr. Petherick," said Lord Ferndale crossing over to her, and taking his place beside her also with an air of supporting and encouraging her. "He has something of importance to communicate to Mr. Petherick——"

"About the earl?" she asked, her brows coming together with a puzzled expression.

Before Lord Ferndale could answer, the door opened, and the butler, with a look baffling description, said—

"Lord Arrowdale."

Norah started, and held Lady Ferndale's hand tightly, and looked towards the door, but she saw no one beside Cyril and the old lawyer.

Then suddenly she caught a glimmering of the truth from a certain expression in Cyril's face. The next instant he was by her side, and had got both her hand in his.

"Are you so surprised, dearest?" he murmured.

"Am I? Cyril!" broke from her, as she clung to him, her lovely eyes searching his face. "Are you—?"

"Yes, countess!" said Mr. Petherick, with a slight emphasis on the title. "The Earl of Arrowdale, for whom we have been looking so long, is none other than your husband, Mr. Cyril Burne!"

Norah uttered a faint cry, and trembled a little; and then, as they gathered round her, and, all talking at once, began to explain the mystery, the tears rose in her eyes, and half laughing and half crying she hid her face on Cyril's breast.

They were all excited, and the old lawyer certainly not the least.

"Of course. I have been a blind old idiot," he exclaimed to Lord Ferndale, "or I should have guessed the truth long ago. But, you see, we lawyers are not accustomed to romance, and—and it never occurred to me that Mr. Burne could be other than he represented himself. If I were to try and tell you how glad I am that things are as they are I couldn't do it!" And he laughed, and coughed, and nodded to one and the other. "No need to trouble about that money now, you know, Lord Ferndale," and he chuckled.

"The money the late earl left to Norah?" said Lord Ferndale.

"Yes, yes!" assented the old man. "We shan't dispute the will now. Lord Arrowdale won't be troubled by us. He may keep it and welcome."

Cyril heard and looked round.

"It is not Lord Arrowdale's to keep, Mr. Petherick," he said with a laugh. "Will you take charge of this for Lady Arrowdale, please?" And he handed him the long blue packet in which he had enclosed the marriage certificate. "Open it, please."

Mr. Petherick opened it, and hastily read the paper enclosed. Then he held out his hand with an impulse of satisfaction and approval.

"It is a deed of gift to Lady Norah of all that the will gave her!" he exclaimed. "My lord," and he bowed to Cyril with an almost solemn formality, "permit me to express my conviction that in the present holder of your ancient and honorable title your house has a worthy and noble representative."

There was more hand shaking and talking, but of last Lord Ferndale reminded the rest that dinner was waiting—and spoiling—and Cyril, relinquishing Norah to him, gave his arm to Lady Ferndale.

As the door opened they saw that the hall was full of servants. The butler had borne the startling news of Cyril's identity to the servant's hall, and in a flutter of intense excitement they had gathered together to give him and his beautiful wife a welcome.

Not for many years had the vaulted roof rung with such cheers as rose when the party came out from the drawing-room into the hall, and it was not until Cyril had led Norah forward, and spoken a few heartfelt words of greeting and thanks, that the party were permitted to go in to dinner.

And long before the meal was over was heard the buzz and murmur of an excited crowd gathered on the terrace outside, for the news had spread through the village like wildfire, and the excited people had hurried to the Court to ascertain for themselves whether the story were true; whether, indeed, Mr. Cyril Burne were the new Earl of Arrowdale, and beautiful Lady Norah, whom they had learned to love, the countess; and it was not until Cyril had taken Norah out on to the terrace and presented himself and her to the cheering crowd that it would consent to betake itself to the merrymaking for which the household had made hasty preparations.

It was a night of wild excitement. Some ready witted individuals rushed off to the church and set the bells ringing, and others hurriedly built up a huge bonfire on the green, and soon the flames were springing, sky high, and helping the bells to proclaim the home-coming of the young earl and his bride.

With her arm within her husband's, and surrounded by their friends, Norah watched the red reflection of the fire and listened to the pealing of the bells with feelings of profound joy and gratitude; joy so perfect and absorbing that it is little wonder she forgot for the moment the existence of such a person as Guildford Berton, or the mystery attending the disappearance of Becca South.

Indeed, not one of them excepting Jack gave a thought to the man whose base scheming had so nearly wrecked the life of the beautiful girl whom they all loved. It was only he who remembered that Guildford Berton had still to be reckoned with.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THAT evening, an hour before the romantic arrival of the Earl and Countess of Arrowdale, Guildford Berton had wandered up the avenue and gazed up at the great house.

He had accepted Lady Ferndale's promise, and had waited as she had advised him. What could she have intended to imply, he asked himself, but that Norah would come round to his terms, and was only asking for a few days grace? What could she do, but accept them? With all his passion for her, he understood her as little as the swine wallowing in its stye understands the mystery of the stars.

To his base mind it seemed just impossible that any woman should choose obscurity and poverty before rank and wealth. Yes, he told himself, in his solitary musings in the grim, desolate cottage, she would come round in time. Any day, any hour, he might receive a message from her.

She would come back and send for him, and accept his terms. He should be the husband of Lady Norah Arrowdale, and, if not lord of Santleigh, the owner of the vast wealth left by the late earl. And so he waited—waited with a restless, feverish impatience, intensified into an agony far past description by the hideous secret which haunted him.

All day he spent shut up in the house in which his crime had been committed, and which seemed a torture house and a tomb to him.

It was only at night that he emerged from the gloomy silence of the haunted cottage, and then he avoided his fellow men, and prowled about the dark lanes and round the Court.

He heard of Mr. Petherick's arrival, and knew that he was staying at the Court, but he did not go near him. He would wait, he told himself, until Norah returned and sent for him.

Then—well, he called up a vision of victory and triumph which almost made him giddy, and for the moment dispelled the dark shadow which hovered about him.

This evening he had sauntered up the avenue with his head resting upon his breast, and, suddenly raising his eyes, saw that the windows of the vast mansion were full of light.

He stood still and gazed, and his heart beat expectantly, and he drew nearer and waited, his hands clasped tightly and feverishly behind his back.

Presently a servant came hurrying down the drive, and he stopped him.

The man started.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Berton," he said. "You gave me a frigh', sir."

"What—why is the place lit up to night?" asked Guildford Berton, controlling his voice, and speaking as calmly and composedly as he could.

The man touched his hat.

"The new earl's coming, sir."

Guildford Berton's hands gripped each other still more tightly, and he bit his lip as he choked back the exclamation which nearly burst from him.

"The earl!" he said wonderingly.

"Yes, sir; quite sudden and unexpected like. Mr. Petherick only heard this morning. There's Lord and Lady Ferndale and another gentleman there to meet him. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I must be goin' on," and he hurried off.

Guildford Berton drew back amongst the trees. The news had startled and bewildered him. He had been so absorbed with his one idea—wafting for Norah's return and decision—that he had scarcely given a thought to the young earl, for whom they had been looking so long and fruitlessly.

He paced slowly down the avenue, and met the servant hurrying back.

"Do you know when the earl is coming?" he asked.

No, the man said, nobody knew for certain, but it was supposed that he would arrive to dinner.

Guildford Berton hesitated a moment, then said—

"And is Lady Norah—it is not known when she returns?"

The man shook his head, doubtless wondering why Mr. Berton did not go up to the Court and ask the question of Mr. Petherick.

"I can't say, sir; I haven't heard that she

is expected even."

Guildford Berton walked on and reached the cottage. It was dark and gloomy and forbidding as usual, and he threw himself in the arm chair beside the neglected fire which was smouldering sullenly in the small pinched grate, and mused.

How long would it be before Norah returned and they could be married? How long would it be before he could leave this place, which he hated with a fear and loathing beyond words, and take her away with him? His wife! His wife! The vision dispelled for a space the gloom which enveloped him, and he sat muttering.

"Lady Ferndale is at the court; I will go and speak to her. I'll ask her where Norah is, and how long she will be before she comes back. She cannot refuse to tell me. Yes, I'll go back to the Court to-night. What does it matter to me that this young fool and vagabond has come? I want nothing of him, I want Norah! Norah! Norah! I will go up to night—to night!"

Then he crouched lower over the fire, and warmed his hands at the feeble flame which he had succeeded in rousing, and suddenly he was startled by the crash of bells. He rose, with that look on his face which the man wears whose brain is beginning to soften from constant brooding, and as he looked through the window a tongue of fire shot up and lit up the room.

For a moment he stared wild eyed, then he realized what had happened.

"Curse the fools!" he muttered with a snarl. "They'll wish they were tolling for his death, or had got him on top of a fire, before many months have gone," and he flung himself into the chair again.

But presently, as if the voices shouting and cheering drew him in spite of himself, he rose, and flinging on his coat took up a soft wide awake hat, and carefully locking the gate went out.

By this time the light from the huge bonfire was casting a mellow glow over the village, and its reflection, red and blithe, could be seen in those windows of the Court in which there happened to be no light.

As he entered the village street he found a crowd of people tending toward the Court, as a stream tends to the sea. He joined them half mechanically, and, in their midst, presently found himself on the lawn just beneath the terrace.

A stream of light poured from the dining-room windows on to the broad marble pavement of the terrace, and fell on the upturned faces of the crowd; and the red glow from the bonfire poured from behind them and seemed to mingle with the light from the window.

The crowd was shouting all around him, and in the over strained condition of his nerves he could not distinguish what they were saying.

"What is it the fools are yelling for?" he demanded of a man who stood beside him, and who was, with the exception of himself the only silent man in the crowd.

The man started slightly as he heard Guildford Berton's hard, sarcastic voice, and emitted a low whistle of surprise.

"Hello!" he said close to his ear, for the noise was almost deafening where they stood, "you here! I should have thought you would have made yourself scarce by this time, now the game's up. Do you mean to say you don't hear what they are shouting for? They are calling for the earl and his wife! Take my advice and follow my example," and with a grin he moved away sideways and was lost in the crowd at the moment Guildford Berton recognized him—Furlong.

At another time the man's sudden appearance—and disappearance—and his sinister warning would have had some effect upon Guildford Berton; but a strange mood possessed him that night, and it may almost be said that he actually forgot the man the moment he lost sight of him. But the words, "the earl and his wife!" haunted him.

"Is the earl married?" he asked of a woman who had taken Furlong's place at his side.

She stared at him.

"Don't you know that——" she began, then broke off to exclaim, "Why, it's Mr. Guildford, isn't it, sir?"

He stifled an oath and got away from her and into the centre of the crowd, pushing nearer and nearer the terrace.

"His lordship's at dinner and won't come out, bless you!" said a man.

"Oh, yes, he will; at least, she will, bless her heart!" was the retort; and Guildford Berton, wondering dully why the new countess, who must be a stranger, should seem so well known and already popular, pulled his soft hat further over his face, and waited.

Presently a roar rose from the crowd; the dining room windows had been flung wide open by a couple of footmen, and a stalwart man stepped out on to the terrace, with a lady on his arm.

The light from the bonfire fell full upon his face and hers, and Guildford stared and gasped, and then laughed hoarsely. He must be going mad for certain, to imagine that these two could be Cyril Burne and Norah. Yes, that was it; he was losing his reason.

Then, as if in a dream, he heard the gentleman speak. The words fell upon his ears as if they had been spoken by someone a mile off, and yet he caught every one distinctly. What was he saying this man who looked like that hound Cyril Burne?

"Thank you, my friends, one and all, for the kind welcome you have given us. I trust none of us will ever forget this night, and that henceforth we are neighbors in every sense of the word. Thank you again and again, not only for myself, but for my dear wife, whom all of you know, and whose heart is full of gratitude for your kind wishes."

A mighty cheer rose, deafening, thrilling. Almost before it had ceased Guildford Berton clutched the arm of the man pressing against him.

"Who—who is that?" he demanded hoarsely, savagely; "that—that fellow on the terrace?"

The man stared at him and shook his hand off impatiently.

"That fellow, as you calls him, master, is the young earl, the gentleman as was Mr. Burne, the artist; and that young lady is his wife, Lady Norah as was. Hurrah! Hurrah! One more cheer, boys! Hurrah!" Guildford Berton staggered slightly then with his eyes still fixed on Cyril and Norah, who were leaning over the terrace in vain trying to shake the hands eagerly thrust up to them, he backed away, slowly for a time, then as he got into the densest part of the crowd he turned and forced his way through the people with a desperate haste, even striking at them in a frenzied, furious fashion. Some shrank back, others struck at him in return and swore at him, but with his head bent down he made a lane for himself, and reached the edge of the crowd.

With the uncertain staggering steps of a drunken man he went down the lane and entered the cottage. He had left no light in the room; the fire had died out; all was dark.

Before he struck a match he felt his way to the sideboard, found the brandy decanter, and with trembling hands poured out a glassful and drank it.

Then with a cry as if the spirit had given him power to realize the truth, he flung his hands above his head and cursed Cyril, and even Norah herself. As he was raving, in the very midst of the awful stream of profanity, he stopped short suddenly and listened.

What he heard was the only distant sound of the crowd, but to his ears it took to itself the likeness of a wail, a cry from a woman, and with a shudder he cowered against the sideboard, and looked over his shoulder with an expression of sickening fear and dread on his white face, for once again he seemed to see that vague indefinable shade which bore the faint outlines of the murdered woman, and which had haunted him now and again whenever he was over-tired or excited.

For a moment—that might have been a year—he stood cowering, bent almost double; then the expression of his face changed to one of sinister cunning, and still looking behind him and moving his lips, though no words came, he stole on tip toe towards the cupboard.

* * * * * *

Three hours later Cyril and Jack stood together in the drawing-room. Lady Ferndale and Norah had gone upstairs, presumably to bed, but really to sit and talk of the wonderful events of the day, and Lord Ferndale, declaring that he must have a quiet cigar after all the excitement, had taken Mr. Petherick into the smoking-room.

The two friends stood looking at each other for a moment, then Cyril held out his hand.

"I wish I could tell you all I feel to-night, Jack," he said; "how happy I am, how grateful to you all, to you and the Ferndales, and all these good warm-hearted people, with their simple, affectionate welcome. Please God, I will be worthy of their love, and keep it! But my darling won't find it difficult to do that, will she? Jack, I ask myself as I stand here thinking of the good luck which has fallen to me, why I, of all men, should have been so fortunate and so blessed, and and, Jack, it almost frightens me! I can only say, from the very bottom of my heart, that I am grateful—very, very grateful—and, thank God, can add that I am at peace with all men."

"Even Guildford Berton?" said Jack quietly.

Cyril started, and a look of pain crossed his face.

"Jack, I had forgotten him," he said simply.

"That's only natural," rejoined Jack. "But I haven't, and as I have interfered so much in your affairs you'd better let me finish up by disposing of that ingenuous gentleman," and he began buttoning up his coat.

"What are you going to do?" asked Cyril gravely.

"I'm going to call on Mr. Berton."

"To-night!"

"To night, for I've a shrewd suspicion that I wait until the morning I shall not find him at home."

"But—but why not let him alone? Why not let him go? Ah, I see! I'd almost forgotten."

"Yes," said Jack, quietly and grimly, "I only wanted to ask Guildford Berton one question, and I intend to have the answer. That question is—'Where is Becca South?' If that answer is satisfactory I should say you had better let Mr. Guildford Berton depart in peace."

"In Heaven's name, yes!" responded Cyril.

"I don't know that Heaven will have much to do with it," rejoined Jack, going into the hall and asking for his coat and hat.

"Bring mine too," said Cyril quietly to the footman.

"You mean to go with me?" asked Jack.

"Can you ask, my dear fellow?"

"Then Ferndale and Petherick shall go also," said Jack, and he went into the smoking room and informed them of his purpose.

Almost without a word the four men went out. Jack only made one remark as he looked up at the sky.

"If it were not for the bonfire we should want a lantern."

Still in silence, or speaking just above a whisper, they they went down the lane and stood before the gate in the wall.

"Locked," said Jack, and he looked at Cyril.

Cyril put his strong shoulder to the door, and with a creak it fell back.

Jack nodded approvingly.

"All dark," he said in a whisper. "He has gone to bed or flown. No, the door's open. Wait," he added on the threshold, "let me go first; I'll call if I want you."

They signed assent, and, still lit by the glow of the bonfire, he pushed open the door of the parlor. Almost in an instant he was back with them, saying nothing, but with an expression on his face which caused them to start forward.

"Wait—a light," he said in a voice that trembled slightly.

Lord Ferndale struck a light, and they entered the room.

A strange pungent smell came out to meet them, and almost stifled them. Cyril, with a foreboding of something evil, remembered it. Jack lit a candle and held it up, and as its rays fell upon Guildford Berton's figure, lying half in the chair and half on the floor, Cyril uttered a cry.

They raised him, and Jack tore open his collar and laid a hand upon his heart. Then he looked round at the rest and spoke the one dread word—

"Dead!"

For a moment or two they stood speechless and awestruck; then with compressed lips Jack opened the dead man's coat and took from the pocket some letters.

Cyril bent forward.

"They are mine," he said, almost inaudibly.

Jack handed them to him, and as he took them something fell on the floor. Jack picked it up, and Cyril with a shudder exclaimed—

"My ring! the ring I gave Becca! And—my God Jack!—and here is the letter I wrote that night at the fete and gave to her!" and he covered his face with his hands.

Jack rose.

"I shall get my answer after all," he said. "Light that lantern, Ferndale."

In awe-stricken silence, but with a feverish eagerness and dread, they searched the grim place from room to room; then after a moment's thought Jack led the way to the garden, followed by the trembling old woman uttering inarticulate cries of terror.

Jack stopped before the heap of leaves and stooped down.

"Get me a spade someone!" he said hoarsely.

Lord Fernbale brought one, and the stood round while Jack worked.

A suspense of a few minutes that seemed ages, and then they heard his voice, solemn as a knell—

"I have found the answer: it is here!"

* * * * * * *

Two years later the artistic world was thorn into a state of excitement by a certain picture in the Academy exhibition of that season.

It was a landscape—a small one, but with two figures, a lady and a child. The lady was seated under an apple tree in a most delightful orchard, and the child was lying on its back, vainly endeavoring to bite an apple at least three times the size of its mouth.

It was so fresh in treatment, so delicately painted, that the connoisseurs were unanimous in their approbation and praise, but the general public, who knew little and cared less for compositions, where quite content with being charmed by the exquisite beauty of the mother and the delightfully lifelike youngster.

Critics praised it, the papers rhapsodised it, the public crowded to see it, and for some days after that on which the exhibition opened everybody was asking who and what the painter was, for the name in the catalogue was evidently an assumed one, and told nothing.

The mystery only heightened the public and artistic curiosity and interest, and at dinner parties and in the pauses of the dance one heard people saying to each other—

"Have you seen the mother and child in the apple orchard? Splendid, isn't it? Wonder who on earth the man is!"

The secret was very well kept—for nearly a month. At the end of that time, however, the veil was lifted, for a famous critic who was sharper than his fellows happened to visit the gallery one afternoon, and found the popular Countess of Arrowdale standing before it.

As he looked first at the picture and then at her she happened to smile. Now, the mother was not a portrait of Norah, but Cyril had perhaps unconsciously bestowed upon the painted face a reflection, a hint of the smile which was one of the charms with which Norah worked her spells, and the critic divined the truth.

"Lady Arrowdale," he said, growing red with the excitement of his discovery, "your husband painted that picture."

Norah flushed and smiled.

"Oh, please don't tell," she said. "It was to be a secret, and—and we have kept it so well!"

"Yes you have," returned the critic, who, of course, meant to rush off as soon as he could and proclaim his important find. "Yes, indeed you have. I know Lord Arrowdale's pictures pretty well, I think, but though they are good, as I've said very often, they are nothing compared with this. It is such a sudden jump. How do you account for it, Lady Arrowdale?"

Norah smiled and looked at the picture in silence, but someone spoke for her.

"Permit me, Lady Arrowdale," said Jack, who had stepped up and heard the little speech. "This picture is so far and away the best of my friend, Lord Arrowdale's, because he mixed his colors with the oil of happiness, drew the orchard by the light of love, and gave his whole heart to the mother and child. And now you know not only how Arrowdale came to paint such a picture, but why he calls it 'Joy.' Are I not right, Lady Arrowdale?"

And Norah, as she put her hand on his arm, could only assent by a smile, which the critic afterwards declared made him feel as if the tears were in his eyes as well as in hers.

THE END.

DOCTORS DON'T LIKE IT.—"The general adaptation of rapid transit in Pittsburg," said a popular physician, yesterday, "and the spreading of the population over a larger area will have a marked effect on the city's mortality bill. I have lost several patients who have cured themselves of old-standing ailments by riding out into the suburbs frequently and then walking off their dyspepsia. Many business men, too, who move out, walk part of the way down town in the morning or cross a few blocks to stride another road. The man who takes walking exercises seldom needs a doctor, and the man who moves out into the newly-developed parts of the city can't help walking a good deal, no matter how little he likes it."

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—Clara, did Mr. Spooner take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Clara—Why, of course not; why should he?

Bobby—That's what I'd like to know. I thought he did, 'cos I heard him say when he was going out, "I'm going to steal just one, and—— Why, what's the matter, Clara?"

EVENING.

BY EDEN HOOPER.

When the shadows gather round us,
And the evening draws apace,
And the cares of day that bound us
Yield to calm repose a place—

Then the lamps of Mem'ry glimmer,
Old beloved scenes appear—
Seen perchance a little dimmer
Through the halo of a tear.

Ties that death hath rent asunder,
Links dropped out from Friendship's chain—
So we see them, and we wonder
Will they e'er unite again.

Patience! Though the flow'r may wither,
Hiding in all the winter through,
Time will bring a new spring hither,
When the flow'r will bloom anew!

Mr. Gordon: Specialist.

BY ELLA EDERSHEIM.

REALLY, Virginia! Leaving alone your duty to your neighbor, I must say that you owe it to me, as your mother, to consider your appearance a little more. Why, you look thirty, positively nearly your own age, to night! And why I am to go about branded as an old lady, because you choose to neglect the means Providence has placed in your power to enable you to perform your duty, I cannot conceive! What have I done that I should have such an inconsiderate daughter? Was it my fault or my crime that I married your father when I was only seventeen, and that you, ungrateful child, were born but a year afterwards? I can't go about and proclaim that to everyone. I can't go round the hotel, and say: 'Though my daughter is thirty-one, and looks it, I am only forty-nine.' No, Virginia.—— But now, kindly make haste. The dinner-bell will sound in a minute, and if we are not punctual, those odious Harpers are sure to try and spite us and take our places."

While Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths had been speaking, her daughter had once more turned to the mirror, and by the help of a candle, whose radiance was but dimly perceivable against the glow of the twilight, was giving certain swift and effective touches to her hair and face.

She drew the little aureole of fair curls that crowned her small head lower down over her forehead; her eyebrows became slightly more distinct; her pale cheeks faintly flushed.

Her mother rose, and looked over her shoulder approvingly.

The looking glass, small in proportion to the room occupied by the ladies high up in the Bar at Grindelwald, impartially reflected the two figures.

As Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths remarked, they would easily have passed for sisters. In spite of the years between them, the elder lady's comeliness of form and selection of attire made her appear almost her daughter's junior.

There was a vivacity in her eye, and an enthusiasm in her manner, which Virginia altogether lacked.

Virginia was a weak, yet pretty little person, entirely the opposite to her mother in all things; and, indeed, as that lady was often heard to declare, the very counterpart of the late Mr. Farringdon Griffiths.

"Yes; I think you will do now," said the elder lady, as she criticisingly turned the small figure round and round before her, giving a pat here, and a pin there, as her fastidious eye directed. "It's wonderful how dependent you are on color! And I," with a complacent glance at the mirror, "can wear almost anything. Last night in that green gown which you insisted on buying contrary to my advice" (Virginia unprotestingly bore this charge, which was totally without foundation), "you looked actually frightful. I never saw anything so unbecoming in my life. So unfortunate that you should have put it on just that evening above all others, when there was dancing! I saw the Harpers exchanging whispers—nasty spiteful things!—as we came in at the door. I know they were congratulating each other on your appearance. And they were looking so well themselves in those pretty heliotrope gowns. Certainly they have remarkably correct taste. But then they can't dance. Anything so ungraceful as the way they pranced and jumped about I never wished to see! Now I will say this for you, Virginia, I have given you the best lessons, and you do them credit. You dance beautifully. It's the only advantage you have in being small. You can't come into a room well, and when you're there, you're lost. But you can dance well with any man, be he big or little. By-the-bye, who was that tall man with the brown beard that you danced the Lancers with? He seemed very agreeable."

"I don't know who he is, mamma," Virginia replied. "But he certainly does seem very pleasant. He sat next me in church this morning, and lent me half his hymn-book."

"Eh? What's that?" cried Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths, wheeling suddenly round again from the dressing-table, where, paying but little attention to what her daughter's answers might be, she had been occupying herself with the small brushes that lay about. "Sat next to you in church, and lent you his book, do you say? Why, Virginia, you have made a conquest! I verily believe that at last my prayers are answered, and my daughter has an admirer."

Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths devoutly turned her handsome eyes upwards, and then brought them suddenly down to bear on her daughter.

"You should be grateful to me, for this time I have not clashed with you," she said. "I have given up dancing; it is too warm work for a woman of my complexion; and I was not in church this morning. Why, child, you are absolutely blushing! Dear, dear, dear, dear! I do believe that it's a "fait accompli." Here!" hastily snatching up some wild flowers that Virginia had brought in from an afternoon stroll, and deftly fastening them into the bosom of her daughter's gown. "That gives a touch of color. Now, come along, if it is to be, it will be."

And to the sound of the clamorous bell the two ladies entered the table-d'hote room, hand in hand.

A good many of the guests had taken their places. The chairs above the two seats reserved for Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths were already occupied by a party of dowdy-looking ladies, who were excitedly discussing among themselves the exorbitance of the charges to which they had been obliged to submit in the last hotel where they had sojourned.

With a self-sacrifice wholly alien to her character, Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths prepared to place herself beside these, leaving the chair next an unoccupied, and therefore still promising, place to her daughter.

Virginia tactlessly and persistently resisted this movement on her mother's part, until the elder lady's whispered remark sank her with a vivid blush on to her appointed seat.

Scarcely had her color subsided, and the tittering of the Miss Harpers opposite been quenched in the first mouthful of soup, when the tall, bearded stranger entered the room.

After a rapid glance round the now crowded tables, he apparently discerned the Farringdon Griffiths, for without further hesitation he strode up to them, and with a pleasant smile and word of greeting, possessed himself of the vacant chair.

The dinner passed very happily to Virginia.

Her neighbor, as her mother soon discovered, was a Scotchman, and a good talker.

He had evidently travelled a great deal, was well acquainted with life in America, and had many stirring adventures by land and water to relate.

As Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths sat with Virginia on the big balcony after dinner, she thus concisely expressed herself of the opinion which she had formed during the meal of their new friend:

"A professional man, and very gentlemanlike, my dear. Quite worth following up. We must find out who he is."

At this moment the inconnu once more made his appearance.

He had put on a little travelling-cap, and held a cigar, which Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths at once mentally pronounced to be of excellent quality, between his fingers.

"Don't you find it chilly, sitting?" he suggested in his soft, Scotch voice. "Wouldn't you like to take a little turn up and down?"

"You are very kind," Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths responded graciously; "but really I am somewhat tired after the heat of the day. And it is so refreshing to sit here quite idle and watch those curious shadows the moon throws upon the snow mountains. But Virginia, my dear. Perhaps you are cold. Careless mother that I am! Had you not better walk about for a little?"

Virginia turned to her mother for further direction, and catching in the moonlight the most peremptory expression of command upon that lady's face, she rose, and wrapping her shawl more carefully round her shoulders, prepared to follow the stranger.

He was a professional man. That she already knew. For her mother's sure judgment never erred or failed, and Virginia had implicit confidence in it.

But to what particular profession did he belong, and what was his name? She felt that these were facts left to her to discover, and she knew that explicit information would be required, nay, demanded of her when she was once more under the parental wing. But how set about discovery?

They had walked up and down the long balcony for some time, pleasantly discussing nothings: the discomforts and inconveniences of travelling in Switzerland in summer, the hospital comfort of the Bar, the grand beauty of the surrounding country.

Virginia had gathered that her friend was enjoying a short summer holiday, snatched from amongst his professional duties; that these were carried on in London; nothing more.

They sat down on a bench. Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths had disappeared, but Virginia knew her mother well enough to discern that this was part of a plan which she must in nowise thwart by following her indoors.

The stranger was relating anecdotes of his boyhood, to which Virginia was giving a gentle appreciative attention. His cigar had gone out, but he had forgotten to relight it.

He sat leaning forward on the bench, slightly turned to face Virginia, waving the cigar-stump as a happy means of gesticulation.

The Miss Harpers passed in boisterous conversation with a raw youth, but Virginia was too much absorbed to heed them.

"I assure you," the stranger was saying, "that it was this circumstance—" he was referring to the deafness of an old nurse—"that first turned my attention to the diseases of the human body."

"A doctor!" she exclaimed rapturously to herself. "How clever mamma is! She never makes a mistake."

"And, Miss Farringdon Griffiths," he pursued. There was a certain well-bredness, Virginia thought, in his distinct and slow enunciation of the two names with which her mother had encumbered them, "There is something I should like to say to you, if you won't mind. I have noticed that your mother is a little deaf."

Virginia started and paled. Was it possible that this, the only sign of approaching age that Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths exhibited; a sign which she herself apparently had not noticed; a sign which Virginia had strenuously striven to hide even from her own observation, calling herself coarse and unfeeling in noticing what was, after all, such a very slight defect; was it possible that this had been remarked almost immediately by a stranger, who had had scarcely any opportunity for judging? It amounted surely to divination!

Her breath seemed to leave her, and she could not speak. The stranger continued as though he did not notice her distress.

"But I have very strong suspicion that her deafness is intimately connected with my specialty. You must know that in my own line I think I may venture to call myself a discoverer. And I have known and remedied similar cases. Now just you take my advice. Next time you are in London come and see me. I will put her all right for you. And it will give me real pleasure to see you again and to renew our pleasant acquaintanceship. I can't tell you how happy you've made my Sunday. I little thought when I came up from Interlaken last evening what there was in store for me. It is a matter of the deepest regret to me that I am obliged to start for England to-morrow. I dare not leave my partner longer alone, for I have only recently set up in London, and a great deal remains to be done. But I shall see you again, Miss Farringdon Griffiths. Promise me that you will bring your mother to see me in London."

He had taken a card-case from his breast pocket and was scribbling an address in the corner of the little slip of pasteboard.

But Virginia could scarcely see to take it from him for the tears that were filling her eyes.

Tears were never far from the surface with her, and the heat and excitement of the day, the stranger's discovery of her horrible secret, and his subsequent kind words had been almost too much for her sensitive little heart.

It was well that the moon had considerately withdrawn her light, so that Virginia's condition was not discernible.

Fearful, however, of betraying herself if she remained any longer, she hastily rose, drew her shawl round her, took the card from her companion's hand, left him with a murmured word of farewell, and escaped to her room.

When Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths retired for the night, she found Virginia already safely in bed, and apparently fast asleep.

But the curiosity which she had with difficulty repressed through the evening was partially gratified, for on the dressing-table lay a gentleman's card on which was neatly inscribed: Mr. Gordon, 27, Sefton Gardens, W.

* * * * * *

When in her mother country, Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths' small means obliged her to lead a quiet and retired life in a country village.

All the year round did she and Virginia screw and pinch, and grudge themselves each small luxury, almost necessary, of life, that every now and again, perhaps once in two years, they might enjoy a trip abroad: live for one short month as others lived, without privation or economy: their story of narrow means, home dress-making and a general servant, unknown and unsuspected.

It was money well spent, Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths had felt in the old days, when Virginia was quite young and tolerably pretty.

Everyone knew that there was no place like a mountaineering hotel for securing a suitable husband.

But the years had passed, each celebrated spot in Switzerland had in turn been visited, and still Virginia had attracted no attention.

And now Virginia was losing her youth. Her mother reluctantly admitted it to herself.

Her best chances were over, and it was, indeed, already more than doubtful whether she would ever marry at all.

Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths groaned inwardly at the thought. Her daughter's continual presence and indiscriminating admiration were to her an incessant gene and weariness.

She longed for the freedom, the enlarged income, that she would enjoy could she but once free herself of this burden.

Months passed. The Farringdon Griffiths had long returned to the quiet routine of their country home life. But its tranquility was disturbed.

Two fresh elements had entered into it: elements destined to change the whole course of events.

One of these was the recollection Virginia ever cherished within her breast of the bearded Scotchman.

His distinct personality, his peculiar speech, his huge unpolished gentleness, so to speak, had all made a vivid impression on the meek little woman, so accustomed to be ignored.

Day and night the image of Mr. Gordon was present with her. His little card became her most precious possession.

The flowers she had worn on that Sunday evening, carefully dried within the leaves of her prayer book, constituted the tenderest link.

Not long after Christmas an elaborate card was forwarded to her from the Bar. It did not take much penetration to identify the handwriting of the address with that which had scribbled the direction in the corner of Mr. Gordon's card.

This fact caused Virginia to realize, with a painful sensation about the heart, that her admirer was evidently quite ignorant of her whereabouts.

She debated long and anxiously with herself whether she should bring her home address before him by a note in which she should thank him for his remembrance of her, but deciding mentally that this might be interpreted as forward on her part, she gave herself over instead to the undivided worship and care of the Christmas remembrance.

The other element which disturbed and agitated the whole home atmosphere was Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths' increasing deafness.

At first she had bravely ignored all symptoms of the affliction. She had a slight cold, which affected her hearing. Virginia numbled insufferably and must really have to raise her voice above a whisper.

But at last the fact had to be recognized and faced. Though Virginia and the automatic maid-of-all-work might combine to conceal anything unpleasant from their mutual task-mistress, it was not to be expected that her friends would give themselves the same trouble.

There came a day in early spring when, the Vicar's wife having paid her weekly call, Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths and Virginia sat alone together over the fire in their little drawing-room, and the elder lady set herself resolutely to talk the mat-

ter over with her daughter.

As might have been anticipated, Virginia had to bear a torrent of reproaches and reproofs for having so long concealed the fact from her mother.

Then, when Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths had somewhat relieved herself by this outburst, she complainingly inquired what was to be done, since it *was* quite impossible for her to afford the best advice and a course of treatment, as recommended by the Vicar's lady.

It was then that Virginia, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness, confined to her mother the gist of the conversation which she, so long ago, had held with Mr. Gordon.

To her unmistakable surprise, instead of receiving the severe reprimand she felt she well merited for having discussed her mother's infirmity with a stranger, Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths rose to her feet with a cry of gladness.

"To thing of it, Virginia! Upon my word, you are the greatest fool alive. All this time, and I wondering how on earth you would ever get hold of him again! Why, I now see in my affliction the very way Providence has been preparing for your happiness. To have an aurist in love with you, and your mother growing stone-deaf before your eyes, and never to put the two together! Really, if it was not that I am well acquainted with your wonderful stupidity, I should think you had been prompted by sheer maliciousness. Now there is no need to cry; it only makes you look plain. We will go up to town to-morrow."

And to town they went the next day. Virginia, indeed, had meekly suggested that they should warn Mr. Gordon of their purpose by a letter.

But Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths would hear of no more delays. She lent Virginia for the occasion a very juvenile bonnet of her own, and showed much motherly interest in her appearance.

She allowed the use of no rouge, alleging that Virginia's pale cheeks were more natural and more interesting under the circumstances than the most becoming rose color.

With her own well-practised hand she delicately shaded to a cunning darkness the hollows that time had worn under her daughter's eyes.

It was with a beating heart that next day, about luncheon time, when they would be certain to find a doctor at home, Virginia sat perched up beside her mother on the high hard seat of a four-wheeler.

Presently the cab turned out of the more crowded thoroughfares, and traversed certain well-known squares, and at last Virginia's eager eyes caught the direction, Sefton Gardens, written up at the end of a row of handsome porticoed houses.

The cabman drew up with a jerk. A carriage and pair was blocking the way; a turn-out very creditable to Mr. Gordon's reputation as a physician, as Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths remarked with satisfaction. The carriage moved on, and the cab-horse, with a vicious little spurt, landed them at the bottom of the flight of steps.

The hall door was thrown open before the driver had time to get down from his seat, and a young man-servant in plain clothes, leaving an elder one in charge of the door, ran down the steps and helped the ladies to alight.

The elder servant, with an air of sad attention, responded in the affirmative to Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths' inquiry for Mr. Gordon, and led them across a softly carpeted hall to a waiting-room.

To Virginia it was as though she were in a dream.

As she crossed the hall, the dim light shed by the colored glass, the tall palms and ferns, and the faintly discernible outlines of engravings in massive old-fashioned frames, crowded a wholly new set of impressions upon her narrow intellect.

A beautiful fernery opened out of the waiting-room, and the æsthetically-toned furniture of the room itself, the piles of books and periodicals on the tables, the perfect set of photographs of Roman statues and remains on the walls, and the strong odor of the lilies and hyacinths that stood about in quaint bronze and china pots, all served still more to confuse her senses.

Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths, however, busied about the room in active valuation of its contents.

"The carpet alone must have stood him in £50," she announced. "And the curtains! I never saw anything like them. The man must be perfectly rolling in riches. 'Pon my word, Virginia; but you have done well for yourself at last."

There was a sound of the hall door opening and closing, and then the grave man-servant appeared once more and bore away Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths' card on a massive silver salver.

"This way, madam."

Virginia obediently followed her mother; she felt faint and sick, and would fain have remained behind cowering in the recesses of one of the great velvet chairs.

They had recrossed the hall. A door at the further end was thrown open. They stood in a large, light room, and before them was Mr. Gordon. That was all that Virginia saw.

But Mrs Farringdon Griffiths' bodily eye in a moment had transferred to her mental vision the whole insupportable situation.

The wide, almost bare room, with its Persian carpet and Morris wall-paper undisturbed but for a few choice prints; the couple of Chippendale cabinets, the long low divan.

And last, but not least, smallest but most prominent piece of furniture in the whole apartment, set in the window, surrounded by a net work of wheels, was the unmistakable velvet upholstered chair of the dentist, with its considerate head-rest, its historical white crocheted antimacassar, its horrible machinery for elevation and depression.

She stood motionless, gazing.

Virginia had advanced, holding out her narrow gloved hand. But something in her mother's attitude struck her, and she, too, stood still.

Her eye slowly followed her mother's round the room, and at last rested also on the chair. There was an awful pause, and then, with a faintness at the heart, she sank in a heap on the divan.

Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths' voice broke the stillness that followed. In her self-control and command of the circumstances there was something little short of heroic.

"I hear that you have a theory that deafness is often connected with the teeth," she said, in a metallic voice, "and I have come to ask your advice. I am becoming very deaf," she added, with an heroic indifference to her own feelings, "and I am in hopes that it may be prevented at least from increasing."

Mr. Gordon's glad smile of welcome had long ago faded; his outstretched hand had fallen to his side. He bowed gravely in answer to Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths' speech.

"May I trouble you to sit down?" he said, in his slow Scotch tones.

Mr. Gordon, for the time engrossed by the exercise of his own pet fad, submitted Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths to a prolonged and careful examination. Her teeth were in a deplorable condition, he pronounced steadily.

She was quite right in supposing that her deafness was in great part attributable to them. With her permission he would there and then prepare to set matters right.

Her permission was readily granted, for Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths had a keen regard for her own interest. Though she had no intention of receiving the dentist as an equal, she thought she might at least profit by his acquaintance to the extent of having a tiresome and expensive operation skilfully performed for nothing.

When, at last, Mr. Gordon announced that it was impossible for him to do anything that day as he had another engagement, the patient's usual savoir faire had in great measure returned to her.

She prepared to rise somewhat stiffly and acknowledge her indebtedness to Mr. Gordon; at the same time turning on Virginia a warning look, not knowing how much further that most foolish person might involve her.

Before Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths could thoroughly raise herself from her rather difficult position to carry out her meditated policy, Mr. Gordon had already hastened to the divan. He was bending over the reclining form, and turned his serious face on Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths.

"Your daughter has fainted," he said quietly. "Just bring me that glass of water."

"Parcel o' nonsense!" cried Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths energetically. "I'll soon bring her round." And she roughly shook the prostrate figure by the arm. "Get up at once, Virginia," she said, angrily; "and not lie there making an exhibition of yourself."

But Virginia did not move. Her fair eyelashes lay stiffly on her cheeks; all sign of color had left even her lips.

"Get me that glass of water," the dentist repeated. He had raised the languid head and removed the bonnet. This time Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths obeyed.

"It is atrocious," she murmured nervously; "positively atrocious, the way that girl involves me in a perfect scandal!"

Mr. Gordon gently dropped some of the cold water on Virginia's forehead, and put the glass to her lips. Her eyelids slightly quivered and her lips moved. He prepared to withdraw his arm.

"No, don't leave me," she murmured.

"Yes, yes! Take your arm away at once!" cried Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths vehemently. "Virginia, get up and come with me immediately! Mr. Gordon, I order you to let my daughter go."

Virginia opened her eyes wide, and with a terrified look at her mother, clung appealingly to the dentist's arm.

"Oh, don't send me away! Don't let me go yet!" she implored.

"She is not fit to go out again at present," Mr. Gordon said decisively. And without further parley he lifted the unresisting form in his arms, and conveying her into an adjoining room, deposited his light burden carefully on a sofa. Then he brought her wine, which he made her drink, and eau de Cologne with which he bathed her head, while Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths stood helplessly by.

"What does all this mean?" she demanded angrily at last, as Virginia began to sit up and smile feebly into the dentist's face.

"It means," said Mr. Gordon soberly, "that I love your daughter, and would like her to be my wife."

For a moment Mrs. Farringdon Griffiths felt staggered—crushed. That her daughter—and she a Farringdon, of Farringdon Hall—should marry a dentist: that a dentist should be her son-in-law! Then the quick eyes fell on the display of silver that stood along the carved oak sideboard, on the evidences of wealth and comfort all around; and in that glance her resolution received its death-blow.

After all, what did it matter to her? This was probably Virginia's only chance, and she—she would be free.

She looked down coldly on her daughter, who was gazing up at her with pitiably anxious eyes.

"Virginia is of age; she must judge for herself," she replied coldly. "If her happiness is at stake, I will not oppose her."

And Virginia, all tear-stained, without her curls, but with a new enraptured look shining on her face, turned to Mr. Gordon, and there and then plighted her troth to him.

TURNING THINGS UPSIDE DOWN.—Every one knows the story of the chimney sweep who, hearing a brother of the brush hooting after the passing figure of Garrick (then the greatest actor of his time), said, reprovingly, "Don't make fun of the poor player-man; you don't know what you may come to yourself one of these days."

But even this magnificent turning of the tables has been full equalled on more than one occasion since that time, as in the case of a Radical agitator, whom an English duke invited to dinner, in the hope of disarming his hostility.

But this uncompromising leveller promptly sent him the following reply: "I regret being compelled to decline your grace's invitation, but one must really draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at marquesses."

An even more striking instance of this curious paradox figured among the legal experiences of Sir James Mackintosh, the famous lawyer, who, having completely upset by his cross examination the testimony of an important witness on the side opposed to him, said to the latter with great sternness, "Sirrah, I believe that every word of your evidence, from first to last, has been a gross and unblushing falsehood."

Thereupon the unmasked perjurer, instead of being abashed by this pointed rebuke, looked up at the great jurist with an air of innocent wonder, and coolly replied, "What? Have you only just found that out, old 'un? What a fool you must be, to be sure!"

But perhaps the most singular example on record of this triumph of the lowest over the highest, was an adventure which befell Lord Macaulay a few years before his death.

He was at that time engaged upon one of the later volumes of his famous "History of England," and had been making a long and diligent search for some rude seventeenth century ballads, illustrative of the events which he was describing. These he at length discovered in some obscure quarter of East London, hidden away among a pile of old books in a small store.

He was coming slowly back with his prize, his mind busy with the details of his grand work, when he suddenly found himself heading a procession of ragged boys more than a block in length, who were crowding up to him with looks of eager expectation. Turning sharply upon them, he asked, angrily, what they wanted; whereupon the foremost of the gang, pointing to the sheaf of songs under the historian's arm, answered with an injured air, "Why, old chap, we're a-waitin' to her yer strike up."

Scientific and Useful.

LEMON JUICE.—It is said that the juice of a lemon squeezed into a cup of coffee will afford immediate relief in neuralgic headache.

WATER-PIPES.—It is said that clogged water-pipes can be cleansed by pouring enough liquid soda-lye into the pipe at night and not allowing any water to run till the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft-soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it away.

POLISH ON STEEL.—It is said that a finely-polished lustreless surface can be produced on steel by rubbing, after tempering on a smooth iron surface with some ground oil-stone till it is perfectly smooth, after which it should be laid on a sheet of paper, and rubbed backward and forward till it acquires a fine dead polish.

CHEESE.—Cheese, when cut for the table, very soon dries, and is left severely alone. This should be grated and put away in a wide-mouthed bottle that can be closely corked. It will be ready for the many uses which the skillful cook so well understands, in the manufacture of custards, patties, omelets, and many other dishes.

MOSQUITOES.—Their bites, or rather stings, are very troublesome to many boating-men and anglers. The simplest precaution is to rub the parts of the face and hands where one is most susceptible, such as the brow, neck, or wrists, with a little olive-oil. In addition to making one "mosquito-proof," so to speak, the oil is most grateful to the skin on a hot day, and not at all disagreeable. Any vegetable-oil will answer equally well, and, if scented, it will be all the more pleasant.

SIMPLE KNIFE-CLEANING MACHINE.—A new invention is a simple and ingenious knife-cleaning machine. It consists of a wooden box, in front of which are two buff bars, the upper one being pressed against the lower by a strong rubber spring. Knife-powder is fed as wanted from a small box, and any kind can be used. The machine requires no fixing, and can be used on any table. Its price is small, and it should find patrons in many households where cleanliness and efficiency are studied.

Farm and Garden.

WARPING.—Yellow pine and oak are the best woods to resist the action of steam with the least amount of warping.

WHITE-WASHED laths hung on a barbed wire fence will make it visible to stock, and guard against some of the dangers attending the use of barbed wire. The soiling system in place of pasturage is another remedy against the dangers of barbed wire fences.

WHAT folly it is in a farmer to buy ton after ton of artificial fertilizers and waste tons of manure in his barnyard by exposure and neglect! It is about as silly as for the same man to spend as much annually for tobacco as his taxes cost, and then complain of high taxes.

THROUGHOUT France gardening is practically taught in the primary and elementary schools. There are about 28,000 of these schools, each of which has a garden attached to it, and is under the care of a master capable of imparting a knowledge of the first principles of horticulture.

WHITEWASH that will not rub off: Slake a half bushel of lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process; strain, and add one peck of salt dissolved in warm water and three pounds of rice-flour boiled in water to a thin paste, half a pound of Spanish whiting, and one pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water. Allow it to stand several days, and apply hot.

TO KEEP DOWN THISTLES.—The best way to keep down thistles is to cut them off as fast as they appear above ground. No plant can endure such treatment—and thistles are no exception; they will in time become exhausted and die. The work must be done at the proper time however, and must not be neglected, as a single plant if allowed to grow, will cause extra work. The thistle must never be allowed to mature seed; and, if the tops are kept down, the roots will be given extra duty, and fail to spread. But persistent warfare is necessary.

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THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116 000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150,000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x 28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These *two* splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 22x28 inches.

On the Gift of Humor.

Humor—a keen sense of the ridiculous—has been called, what it undeniably is, a dangerous gift. Charming as cheerfulness is universally allowed to be, and greatly as cheerfulness is aided by a happy sense of humor, this gift may, if indulged beyond the limits of "becoming mirth," be destructive of that state of mind the most healthful for young or old—namely, a reverence for something nobler, greater, better than ourselves.

Ridicule, so useful a weapon when employed to fight folly, presumption, or hypocrisy, needs careful handling, and in the implied superiority of the person wielding it lies the danger.

Not always is mockery justified of her children. The jibes which patient merit of the would-be witty takes are more injurious to the mocker than the mocked.

A youth of little reverence is apt to curdle into an old age of contempt—despising and despised.

And here lies the danger to the mimic; urged on by the laughter so easily created, he too often outsteps the modesty of nature, and sacrifices his own self respect for effect; thus, while all laugh, few love, and still fewer respect him.

If a humorous man does not love generosity, kindness, morality and religion more than humor, he is in "a parlous state."

Nothing that we know of brings people more together, makes them feel so profoundly "the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," as a good honest hearty side-shaking laugh.

If terror and pity purge the soul of pride and self-love, so does laughter clear away the fog of supercilious self-importance. An apt word, it may be an unconscious pun, will often serve the purpose of a soft answer to turn away wrath.

But laughter to be wholesome must not only be seasonable, but seasoned to the understanding; for as a knavish speech sleeps in a dull ear, so will a joke hang fire wofully sometimes in a rusty receptacle.

Perhaps not a boy in the school perceived that the dunce who called the patriarchs "partridges" was probably attempting a jest.

Among all the definitions of man, such as an animal with pockets—by the way, the Marsupials must be allowed to run him close in this particular—as a laughing animal and so on, we think this last—taking laughing as indicative of a sense of humor—to be among the least justified by facts.

Many animals, not human, are endowed with a most delightful sense of fun, which they express in antics the most gay and frolicsome.

Setting aside the race of monkeys, whose fun is perhaps too nearly allied to mischief to be pure, and whose countenances of utter woe seem always to give the lie to the mirth their actions seem to display—setting aside, then, our distant cousins, who can deny the gift of humor, not merely to kittens, whose playfulness might be supposed to be due in some measure to their youth—but, say, to an old pony "playing" his would-be captor?

Look at the indescribable air of drollery in his pricked ears, half closed eyes, and dilated nostrils sniffing at the sieve of oats for which he has no longing, but which he will pretend to desire for the pure fun of the hour's dance he is going to lead his groom.

Again, if you should happen ever to have watched two half grown cats at their play, is not the sudden raising of the shoulders of the one who comes unexpectedly on its play-fellow unmistakably and consciously humorous?

Women, as being gifted with smaller brains than men, have often been credited with a less keen sense of the ridiculous; and Queen Elizabeth's masculine appreciation of the character of Falstaff has been praised lately at the expense of the want of humor in the rest of her sex.

It must be granted, we fear, that the fat knight is no favorite with women; but we would suggest, in all humility, that if so, it is because women love not fun the less, but decency more.

Humor, altogether, under certain restrictions, may be a valuable gift, enabling a man to avoid some of the snares and pit falls of life.

That we might, as human beings, have lived our lives by the light of pure reason alone, cannot be denied, just as tasteless food might have nourished our bodies; but life is not colorless and tasteless; we have bright colors to delight our eyes, sweet scents and sounds to charm pain and age—the morning's "smile," "the valleys stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing"—he who will may see and acknowledge that all this light and brightness makes life all the better worth living.

It rests a good deal with himself whether he shall be cheered with innocent laughter, kindly humor, genuine mirth, or whether he shall kill joy by that suicide of a smile—a sneer, and despising the banquet that has been so graciously prepared for him, choose rather to walk heavily and morosely all the days of his pilgrimage.

COULD we know that we were certainly making the entire character of a single individual, and that we alone must bear the responsibility, how great a trust we should deem it, and how careful should we be! Yet, in truth, we are doing far more than that. Every one who approaches us owes something of his character to our influence; and the effect does not stop there. Like a magnetic current, it passes on from one person to another, and no human power of computation can ever measure its strength or its extent.

THE power of the will might and ought to be cultivated from childhood. We are too apt to allow physical ailments to deprive us of our will. Girls and women get into a chronic state of feebleness because they have not the will to engage in necessary physical exercise and mental occupation. Our thoughts are rebellious because we have never learned to concentrate them and keep them fixed on a subject by an effort of the will.

IN any great calamity, whether impending or already come, nothing is so helpful as engrossing employment. Men working at the pumps to save, if possible, the sinking ship, do not suffer a tenth part as much as those who stand gazing in the face of death. No bloody encounter on the battle-field equals in horrible experience the position of the line which must simply hold its ground without returning the fire of the enemy.

LIKE most garments and most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

HOME is no unmixed paradise of sweets. The elements of peace and true happiness are there, and so too are the elements of discord and misery; and it needs only the bitter spirit of the world without to make it a pandemonium, or the loving genius of harmony to make it the prompter of every affectionate impulse.

AH! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, the tree of freedom; shed, but never reckoned.

ANY one anywhere who cultivates a hobby at the expense of other people's comfort is making a failure of life; but true politeness of the heart between friend and friend, or man and wife, will obviate the danger of overdone amusements.

EVERY limit is a beginning as well as an ending. Who can quit young lives after being long in company with them, and not desire to know what befell them in their after years?

FRIENDSHIP is a thing that needs to be cultivated, if we would make it come to anything; but enemies, like ill weeds, will spring up of themselves without our care or toil.

IT is never too late to learn.

The World's Happenings.

Women set all the type on the Columbus, Ga., Evening Ledger.

The price of beer in Chicago has dropped from $6 to $3 50 per barrel.

A canary that died at East Goshen, this State, a few days ago, was nearly 14 years old.

A prominent candidate for Congress in Georgia rides to church in an ox cart.

The attempt to introduce tea drinking among the natives of India has so far been a failure.

In the new Chicago Directory just issued there are 2732 Smiths, 240 of them being John Smiths.

A counterfeiter arrested in Little Rock, Ark., used his wooden leg to store both good and bad money.

The annual output of beer in Cincinnati is 355, 840 000 glasses. Output in Cincinnati means what is put in.

In the maw of a cow killed near Darien, Ga., a few days ago were found a pound of six-penny nails and a five-cent piece.

There are 82 compositions on the market to prevent submarine growths on iron ships, and none of them does the work.

The monster elm, felled in Medfield, Mass., recently, was something like 200 years old. It measured 30 feet in circumference.

France pays annually for army, navy and pensions $183 000 000. Germany's army, navy and pensions cost $114, 000, 000 annually.

The gold of the world in coin and wares is 11, 000 tons, worth $7, 700 000 000. The annual loss is 2 tons; the mines yield yearly 121 tons.

"Carnot, Organizer of Peace," is the title bestowed on the President of the Republic by the French colonists settled in Mexico.

A collector at Bombay has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen idol," and next to it a gold piece marked "Christian idol."

Mrs Delia Cross, of Brooklyn, is owner and master of the schooner Oregon, and is said to be the only woman who is master of a sea-going vessel.

In Prussia there are twenty millions of acres of forests, ten millions of which are State forests. Of these the income is $14, 000, 000, and the expense $7, 800,

A barber in one of the London suburbs advertises that he cuts hair on physiological principles, and performs "other tonsorial operations antidexterously."

Telephone call boxes are about to be installed in various districts in London, so that persons wishing to communicate with the Exchange and then to subscribers may do so.

It has been practically decided that the vignette of William Henry Harrison, the President's grandfather, will be placed on the new $20 certificates authorised by the new silver bill.

Negroes of all ages are going to school at Meansville, Ga. One negro woman, 55 years old, goes and carries her children, and a negro man, 85 years old, attends school and is in his A, B, Cs.

Of the Germans who were present at Waterloo, under the command of Marshal Blucher, it is found that 49 still survive. The oldest of these, a Schleswig man named Johann Dohse, is in his 107th year.

Experiments prove that the Atlantic breakers have a force of three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to 54 tons.

The French Minister of War lately offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a flight from Perigeaux to Paris, 310 miles. There were 2740 entries, and the winner did the distance in 7 hours and 34 minutes.

A despatch from Indiana says that "a number of fish and angle worms fell in the streets of Crawfordsville during a recent storm. The fish were from two to four inches long, and many of them were eyeless."

A couple from Pocahontas, W Va., who went to Cumberland, Md., to be married, were delayed 36 hours in having the ceremony performed, because the groom was not old enough by that number of hours to get a license.

Mrs. Ambrose Crouch, of South Jackson, Mich., has been keeping tab on her family, and finds that during the past year she has baked for them 2368 cookies, 1988 doughnuts, 217 cakes, 267 pies, 81 puddings and 793 loaves of bread. Her family is not large, either, except as to appetite.

The employes of a brewery in Indianapolis are said to drink on an average 50 glasses of beer a day, and of course they are not a little alarmed over a rumor that the firm (a British syndicate) intends issuing an order cutting each man's daily allowance down to five glasses.

This little story is from a New Orleans journal: "Little Floribel Deitch, 7 years old, died suddenly at Morgan City, and her pet pigeon flew into the room where the corpse lay surrounded by weeping relatives and friends. The deep grief of the mourners so impressed the bird that it drooped its head and died. It was placed in the coffin and buried the next day with its little mistress.

A story of a wonderful freak of lightning comes from Springfield, Ohio. While hauling in hay from a field a few miles from that place the lightning struck a young farmer and killed him instantly, tearing every thread of clothing from his body, imprinting a perfect cross on his back, and, most wonderful of all, "entering the ground at his feet and excavating, as if done with a shovel, a hole exactly like a grave."

Mr. James W. Queen, head of the great firm of Queen & Co., opticians, this city, and one of the founders of the optical business in the United States, died at his home here on July 12th at a ripe old age. Mr. Queen, in the midst of an active business career, still found time to indulge in the pleasures of boo' s and art. He was, it may be mentioned, a continuous subscriber to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for more than fifty years.

TO-DAY.

BY M. A.

I've been watching, I've been waiting,
For a word or for a look,
And I oft have scanned the pages
Of a fair and open book.
No longer, then, no longer
Pray thee tarry or delay,
For my heart would have an answer,
Love, to-day.

See the stars that shine above us—
I will ever prove to thee
As tender and as faithful;
Will you prove the same to me?
Will you be my own for ever?
Will you brighten all my way?
Oh! my heart would have an answer,
Love, to-day.

Too Smart.

BY PENFORD CRAWFORD

TOTTIE had many and many a time been warned with regard to the unruly member. But somehow—how she never could explain—she was always hurting, pressing where the shoe pinched regardless of who might wear it. And yet she never meant it; she would have done anything rather than cause pain.

If anything that came within the range of her keen wit had a ludicrous side for Tottie, and quick as she was to perceive this, she was equally quick in communicating her smart ideas to those around her.

The stinging little words were uttered with such ingenious innocence as added much to their poignancy. The large gray-green eyes and somewhat wide mouth flashed with merriment over her bon mots.

On the very afternoon when we first see her, Tottie was predestined to make one of her telling retorts—one which was long unforgiven, and which will—by those most interested—never be forgotten.

The sun was shining brilliantly, as he had so often shone this beautiful Jubilee summer. Scarcely a leaf of the grand old chestnuts in the Priory grounds stirred, so soft and gentle was the light breeze.

But notwithstanding the heat every court had its complement of tennis players, while the seats beneath the trees were filled with ladies, and many were the men who leaned against the chestnuts' giant trunks.

"'Five all,' and your 'service,' Miss Tottie," declared young Tom Brett, sending her the balls.

"Tottie's face is as red as her hair," soliloquized her father—as she picked them up.

Colonel Tempest, late of the Madras Infantry, was aggrieved at Providence for the color of his daughter's ample locks.

Although, why he should have expected to escape the consequence of his own selection of a red-haired woman for his wife it would be difficult to say.

But in marrying, the then dashing young cornet—there were cornets in those days—had considered the past and not the future.

The father of Margaret Mary McClane had freed him from an incubus of debt. But alas! how brief that period of freedom had been.

Gerald Tempest was one of those unfortunate beings to whom it is impossible to keep their heads above water. First came the necessity to exchange to himself into an infantry regiment going to India, then into the Madras Infantry.

In this corps he contrived to remain his period of service. Two years previous to the time of which I speak, he had returned to England and settled down at Holchester with his two daughters. His wife lay buried in an Indian grave. The two children favored either parent.

"Euphemia," he proudly told his friends, "is—as far as a girl can be—what I was

'When I first put my uniform on,
And every beauty found it her duty,

etc., etc.," with a contemptuous wave of the hand.

Over Tottie he sighed.

"She reminds me of poor Margaret Mary. Ah! Tottie, if you only had her money as well as her face."

"You'd spend it," was the quick retort.

"Euphemia, will any one be found to marry my red-headed daughter?"

"Your red-haired daughter does not want to marry. When the Prince comes to carry off our beauty, the ugly duckling will stay at home with her dad."

"No, you must marry, but," with the hauteur that became Gerald Tempest even in poverty, "plain as you are you shall never marry a doctor, a paymaster, or a marine."

"Dence," simultaneously from the quartette in Tottie's court.

"Vantage in," as she serves a ball that never rises.

Her coloring is indeed brilliant as she crosses to the left court and again serves, but less successfully.

"One fruit," cries Tom.

She gives an easy one, and a good "rally" follows.

"It is the "deuce" again.

The game vacillates. Many minutes are spent in the contest, but at length Tottie and her partner, Jonathan Howard, win.

As she stops, beaming and breathless, Euphemia and Tom come round the "net" and join them.

They cannot have another "set," however much they desire to do so. The courts are in such demand; it has been ruled by the committee that at the conclusion of each "set" the players vacate in favor of other members.

"A wandering minstrel I,
A thing of shreds and patches,"

murmurs Tom, in union with the picturesque old gardens.

"A thirsty game, that," declares Jonathan; "who's for the tent and tea?"

"Everybody who has seven senses."

"That's nobody, Mr. Brett; nevertheless I am going;" and they all follow Tottie.

"Shall I get some tea, Miss Tempest?" asked Jonathan.

"Yes, if you please, and—

'Mix it with sawdust and treacle and ink,
And anything else that is pleasant to drink,'"

amended Tottie.

"I beg your pardon?" very gravely.

"O nothing," returning his solid stare. "What a fool that man is, Mia! I wonder you can stand him."

"I wish you would not talk nonsense," said her sister, with a slight frown. "When you know he cannot see a joke, why——"

"See a joke, I should think not; his brains are as tough as his father's leather."

There was a laugh among the men who had gathered round the two sisters, and the hand that was bringing Euphemia's tea shook until it split half the contents of the cup, and Jonathan returned to the table for more.

To understand the gist of the jest it should be known that Jonathan Howard, senior, was a leather merchant reputed to be worth some twenty thousand a year.

"I'll be even with that little spit-fire," determined Jonathan, as he handed Euphemia the replenished cup.

And, as fate would have it, it was not long before Tottie's tongue enabled him to be "even with her."

"Looking forward to the ball, Miss Tottie?" suggested Tom Brett, who was feasting on macaroons.

"Rather."

"Tottie, Tottie," corrected her sister, and then asked of the group of men around, "Are many of you going?"

"They are all going to this ball, I know," broke in Tottie, with a sagacious nod of her bright head.

"You know more than any one else, then," said Tom; "now do you know that we are all going?"

"Because," and Tottie can hardly speak for laughter, "there is nothing to pay."

* * * * * * *

The conversation in the the ante-room of the mess of the Suffolk Spankers was animated and angry. Miss Tottie Tempest's remark was under discussion.

That a little red-headed girl should say—in the tent of the public gardens—that the Suffolk Spankers would all attend a ball where there was nothing to pay, and for the reason that there was nothing to pay, was an indignity not to be stood. And the Suffolk Spankers were not going to stand it. Things were coming to a pretty pass when it was possible that such a remark could be made in allusion to the members of so crack a corps.

Tom Brett—he was the last joined subaltern—sat nursing his knee in silent misery.

"You should make your sweetheart set a watch before the doors of her lips," sneered Jonathan, who—from the depths of the most luxurious chair in the room—kept fanning the anger of his brother officers;

"It's all your fault," declared Tom, aggrieved. "They," jerking his head in the direction of the committee—which had been formed to pass sentence of condign punishment on luckless Tottie Tempest—"would never have taken the words of a girl like that seriously. You know how she always rattles on—scarcely knowing what she says, and never meaning any harm."

"She should keep a civil tongue—impudent little hussy!"

"You've felt the rough side, no doubt," with a laugh, "and so you are taking a manly vengeance. Just what one would expect of you," and, under his breath, I am sorry to say, he added, "mean sneak."

All this banter had been carried on in a low tone—not so low, however, but that a jovial old gentleman behind a newspaper—to all appearances asleep—heard every word.

An old gentleman whose countenance those who run may read. No soldier this, but a clergyman of the old school, who rode and shot; an angler and a huntsman, riding to hounds in his old-fashioned bottle-green swallow-tailed coat with its shining brass buttons, swearing a little, I am afraid, and very penitent when his wrath went down, long before the sun. But, I think, even this will be forgiven the Rev. Matthew Brett—rector of Averton-Coombe, Devonshire—for if he had committed these sins openly, they will be more than outweighed, when all hearts are laid bare, by the good deeds which he did in secret.

All things concerning Tom were of moment to him. Tom was his nephew, and the Rev. Matthew was a bachelor; he was staying a week with Tom, and being made much of by the brother officers, who considered him a most entertaining character.

"I shall report you if you are impertinent," said Jonathan, at Tom's last remark—for the way it was said, even more than the words, roused his temper.

"Report away—it's a shame to get the jolliest little girl in Holchester into a row."

"Well, gentlemen," began the speaker of the committee, rising and clearing his throat as he addressed the whole room, "it has been decided that it is impossible to overlook the insulting remark made this afternoon in the Priory gardens, by Miss Tottie Tempest. It is impossible to expect that such a regiment as the Suffolk Spankers should for an instant permit so injurious remark to pass unnoticed."

"Hear! hear!" and rappings on the table or the arms of chairs, according to the position of those who applaud.

Tom, with his elbows on his knees, and his sun-burnt face between his hands, maintains a dissatisfied silence.

The Rev. Matthew's eyes are still closed; but there are signs of amusement in the twitching of the many wrinkles around the mouth. He has a keen sense of humor.

"Gentlemen, the honor of the corps demands that we inflict chastisement on the offender. And let us regard the statement made by this young person, viz., Miss Tottie Tempest, in another light. That is to say in the light of the truth. And we find that the range of Miss Tottie's tongue is in no wise limited by the bounds of veracity. Her assertion that the officers of the Suffolk Spankers prefer to attend a ball when there is nothing to pay is incorrect."

Great applause.

"Gentlemen, I am a member of the distinguished corps in question—I am proud of it, gentlemen. As such I should be acquainted with the character of the corps, and I assure you that I have never known one of my brother officers save a shilling when he could spend it."

Much laughter, in which the speaker loses his dignity so much as to join.

"Their conduct in this direction has been unflinchingly brave—I mean in the direction of spending many sullings that they had better have saved. I have known them so lavish of their money that have driven in hansoms and drank champagne, with a purse that you might turn inside out and not drop any coin of the realm. But," and the raised voice is solemnly lowered, "this is a course which I would advise none of my brother officers to follow. It leads to exile in a foreign land, if not to the sheathing of his sword for ever. Any way we mourn their loss, and the old regiment knows them no more."

"Bravo!"

"Didn't know you could come the pathetic."

"Very affecting—but come to the point."

"Yes, yes, the sentence, pass the sentence!"

"Give me time, gentlemen. I was bound to prove for the general satisfaction that whether the officers of the Suffolk Spankers were men with money or without money, they were all equal to spending money."

"Go on."

"Then"—ignoring the interruption—"although the advocate for the defendant has urged the youth of the culprit, likewise the peculiar unruliness of her tongue, we must punish. Our sentence is a lenient one, gentlemen, for what is justice unless it is tempered with mercy? We hereby declare," pompously, "that any officer of this regiment who dances with Miss Tottie Tempest to-morrow evening commits an offence against the other members that must be expiated by his treating the whole mess to champagne on the following night."

"What! nobody dance with that jolly fuzzy-headed girl I saw you talking too, Tom?" cried the Rev. Matthew, springing upright in his chair, and looking like a cock about to crow.

"Not one of us, sir," answered the speaker.

"Then, begad! I will. We'll go into the town to-morrow morning, and I'll show whether I can foot it or not!

"'First the heel and then the toe—
One, two, three!'"

And he revolved in an airy manner that sent all present into roars of laughter.

"Well done, sir!"

"Well done the church!"

"I hope I may be able to do as much when I am your age, sir!" came the comments from either side.

"'Froggie would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
Heighol says Roly.'

I mean to out you out, Tom; so I'm off to bed, to get some beauty-sleep. Good night, young gentlemen."

"Well, Howard, are you satisfied now that you have spoiled that poor little girl's ball for her?" asked Tom, savagely.

"No!" growled Jonathan, "I do not think that we should any of us ever speak to her again."

"I tell you what," and Tom's face brimmed over with merriment; "it would be a terrible blow to her if——"

"What?" eagerly.

"You kept to that for your own part."

* * * * * *

"What! Mr. Brett, my dear old friend! This is a pleasant surprise!" exclaimed an attenuated elderly lady, advancing from the midst of her three daughters; and clasping one of the Rector's plump hands in both her own immediately on his entering the Corn Exchange of Holchester, where the residents were giving a ball to the garrison.

"How do you do, Mrs. Lumsden? How are you? And how are the young ladies?"

As the Rev. Matthew shook hands all around he was conscious of the entrance of Colonel Tempest and his two daughters. The eyes of all present were irresistibly attracted by the trio.

"That is a lovely girl, that Miss Tempest," commented Mr. Brett.

"And to think what her mother was!" murmured Mrs. Lumsden, growing green with jealousy as her own offspring remained unnoticed while the dancing men were already surrounding the new arrivals.

"What!" innocently, "was Miss Tempest's mother even more beautiful than her daughter?"

"Oh, no," wondering at the obtuseness of men; "the late Mrs. Tempest's father was a tobacconist; he had a little shop in Edinburgh, where he managed to make a fortune. Colonel Tempest, then a cornet, was stationed at Portobello. Not knowing which way to turn for money, he married old McClane's daughter, spent her money, and broke her heart."

"Dear, dear! very sad! Excuse me, Mrs. Lumsden, I must get a dance with those girls before their cards are full, Tom," laying hold of his nephew who was passing him, "introduce me to Miss Tottie Tempest."

Tom obeyed, speaking in a most funeral voice, and then—without another word—turned on his heel.

Mr. Brett shook with supressed laughter as his eyes watched Tottie's disconsolate face.

"How have I offended Tom?" she wondered, forgetting the burly clergyman.

"Miss Tottie."

"Yes," looking up in surprise.

"Will you take my arm, and walk away from the crowd? I have something to tell you—a secret."

"I would rather not; I have a headache; I—I am tired."

"Tired before the ball begins? Nonsense. When you have heard my secret you won't be half so tired."

"If it is a secret you had better not tell it to me; I never could keep one," raising her large, candid eyes.

"I think you will keep this one."

"What is it about?" asked Tottie, a little curiously.

"Tom."

One of the first couples to commence waltzing, as the music floated merrily through the rooms, was the Rector and Tottie. And oh! how different she looks now from what she did before hearing the secret. That must have been a magical secret that the old Rector had whispered in her little rosy ear!

Jonathan Howard is dancing with Euphemia. Jonathan keeps step, and he keeps time, but there is something aggressive—the stamp of the parvenue—in all he

does.

When he has resigned his beautiful partner to her father he joins Tom, who is leaning against one of the pillars at the end of the ball-room. The band plays in the balcony above, and the chaperones sit on the sofas and easy chairs behind Tom.

"Not dancing?"

"No, thanks to you."

"What have I to do with it?"

"Everything; it was all your doing that they barred our dancing with Tottie."

"There are loads of other girls."

"There are loads of other girls—but I don't want 'em"

"I did not know you were so hard hit."

"Don't you think I might dance just once with her?" wistfully, disregarding Jonathan's last speech.

"Well, my dear fellow," squaring himself in front of Tom and lowering his voice, "you know the penalty and whether you can pay 'or it—champagne all around at mess to morrow night. Being an interested person I should advise you to dance with her—I like champagne, especially when some one else pays for it. You know the price, but of course the girl's worth it—if she's worth anything to you she's worth risking the world for."

"Only, not being Mark Antony I have not a world to risk."

"Sorry I can't help you there;" and Jonathan went in search of his next partner.

But Tom was not to be left in peace.

"Come, Tom, I want a chat with you;" and Mr. Brett, thrusting his arm within Tom's drew him across the ball-room, out at the door, through the passage beyond—crowded as it was with couples seated among shrubs and below dim lanterns—out at the door further, into the street, where they found themselves alone.

"And now," began the elder gentleman, "I have one or two questions to ask you. Firstly; Do you not think that I should marry and settle down?"

An exclamation burst from Tom.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"All right, my dear boy. I am a little strong in my language some times. I am always sorry afterwards. It is a mistake, but not always to be avoided. God forgive us! Now answer my question."

"Well, sir, I thought you had settled down long ago. And I never thought that anything would inuuce you to allow a woman (I have heard you say this) to manage your house."

"But I never was in love until now."

"In love! You! With whom?"

"Miss Tottie Tempest."

"What, my little Tottie!" This broke from Tom involuntarily, and a dash of deep tenderness thrilled his voice.

"You want to dance with her very much to night—how much would the champagne cost to-morrow?" Then without waiting for an answer, "I was going to give you a cheque before I went; it shall pay for the champagne dinner."

"Oh! uncle ——"

"There, go along, you rogue; no thanks! What a pleasant little woman she will be to have always at the rectory!"

"But do you really mean to marry her?"

"Do you think Colonel Tempest will give her to me?"

"They are so poor, I think he would give his daughters to any one who could keep them."

"I shall ask him to-morrow, but say nothing of this to the little body."

They were silent; and in the silence the deep melodious notes of "Estudiantina" reached them.

"She is waiting for you, Tom."

"Uncle Matthew, you are too old to marry Tottie."

"I am at least old enough to judge for myself. Go and dance."

And as Tom obeyed the Rev. Matthew reflected:

"I am old, with money; he is young with a heartache; whose shoes are the most pleasant to wear?"

In the ball-room Tottie and Tom are revelling in the delight of the moment.

"I have enjoyed that dance, Miss Tottie," as he stopped with the last bar of the band; "I should, for it cost me a big check."

"Oh! then carrots is rizl"

"I am off to call on Colonel Tempest, Tom," remarked Mr. Brett—after a late breakfast—the next morning.

"You are in a great hurry, sir!"

"Perhaps, Tom. Things cannot be delayed at my time of life. Any message for our little Tottie?"

Tom's face grew even longer than it was before. He did not relish sharing his little Tottie.

"You would rather carry your own messages, eh? Come on round and tell her all you have to say about one o'clock."

No answer.

"It will be more lively at the rectory when you come to stay—with Tottie there."

Still no response.

"If you had entered the Church you might have been thinking of marrying. You would have been so much better off. Two livings at my death, and all my money—whereas now the livings will go to a distant cousin, and I shall leave my money ——"

"To your widow."

A comical smile passed across the Rev. Matthew's jovial countenance; but Tom was looking moodily at the remains of his breakfast; substantial remains, for he had no appetite.

"Have you ever regretted your choice of the army, Tom?"

"Never—I am devoted to my regiment. But——if I could have foreseen things, I might have done differently."

"Too late now, I am afraid. Come to the Tempests for me at one o'clock."

A half-an-hour later saw the Rev. Matthew closeted with Colonel Tempest. He startled the latter by the rapid way in which he plunged into the object of his visit. He began:

"I am in love with your charming daughter, sir."

"Meaning Euphemia, Miss Tempest, of course?"

"By no means of course, quite the contrary—I refer to Miss Tottie."

"God bless my soul!" quite taken aback, "you astonish me, sir."

"I must be candid with you, Colonel Tempest. I am an old bachelor. They say every Jack has his Jill—well, sir, I never found mine——"

"Until now?"

"Grant me a patient hearing, sir. It is too late for me to find a mate now—but I think I see two others who are cut out for each other, and if I can help to bring them together I mean to do so. A day or two since your second daughter, Miss Tottie, made a most injudicious remark with reference to the officers of the Suffolk Spankers——"

"Poor Tottie's tongue—it's as fiery as her hair, poor child!"

"I like it, sir: its smartness is delightful after the platitudes of most women."

"You do not appreciate the sex?"

"My dear sir,

'Women are like Jeremiah's figs,
The good are very good indeed
The bad ——'"

with a deprecating shake of the head,

"'too sour for pigs.'

But to resume. Miss Tottie so offended the regiment, that they declared that any officer dancing with her at the ball should treat the regiment to a champagne dinner to-night. Seeing how unhappy this decision rendered Tom I was anxious to discover its effects on Tottie—pardon me, Miss Tottie—and when I found that the fact of Tom's not dancing with her spoilt all her pleasure in the entertainment, why I put two and two together and made four, viz: I said to myself, these young folks have more than a passing fancy for each other—there is love in their hearts."

The rector's voice grew husky, he paused, coughed, drew out his handkerchief—the size of a small table-cloth—and blew his nose.

"D—— it all, sir! We have been young. When I was Tom's age—well, well, that is long past, but if I had had some one to help me then I should not be the grumpy old bachelor I am to-day."

Scarcely a pause, a slight hesitation, and he pursued, "My nephew and your daughter are very young, too young to marry for a year or two. But, Colonel Tempest, I want you to give me your daughter—I want her to come and live with me, keep house at the rectory. I have long wished Tom to enter the Church—I think now he will do so. And when he has taken orders I shall give Tottie her dowry, and they shall be married."

"Mr. Brett, you are generosity itself. I have nothing to give to my children. And to have such a home offered to the one for whom I feared mostly affects a parent's heart very much; it does indeed, sir," and the old Colonel's eyes grew moist.

"You accept my offer?"

"Most gratefully."

"Then ——"

A knock at the door, and a servant—a wretched little maid-of-all work—announced:

"Mrs Tom Brett is in the parlor."

Tom found Tottie in the parlor, busily mending stockings. Euphemia was still asleep.

"You are never idle, Miss Tottie," after the usual salutation.

"How can I be? The family cannot go with holes at their toes, and there is no one else to put a stitch in anything."

"What a good wife you would make a poor man!"

"Oh, no one will ever want to marry me—Mia will marry, and I shall take care of dad—always," with a laugh. "Fancy any fellow wanting my red head as a constant vis-a-vis!"

"I know some one who wants it."

"I expect he is too young to know what is good for him," bending a blushing face over her work.

"No, he is not young—he is old."

"O,d! I love all old men."

"A strange taste," ruffily.

"I am 'quite gone' on your uncle. He is a darling. I wonder if you will ever grow as nice," regarding his face attentively, and thinking within her heart what a brave bright face it was, while she affected to despise it.

"You won't have such good eyes by the time I do."

"No, I shall be a prim old maid in spectacles."

"You won't be an old maid," said Tom accidedly, as he thought of the matrimonial arrangements that were even now going forward on her account, "but I shall be an old bachelor—because," rising from the chair he had taken and returning her gaze with resolute flaming eyes, "if I cannot marry the one girl in the world whom I want to marry I shall marry no one. That girl knows she has my heart, and if she tosses it aside—no one shall pick it up—there!"

"Tom!" starting impetuously to her feet, capsizing her basket of stockings and sending cottons, thimble, and scissors to strew the floor, "there is one man in this world for whom I care—and," with half a sob, "if he won't love me, I—I" —she was fairly crying—"I'll hate everybody."

Tom caught her in his arms, and she was sobbing on his breast, when their respective uncle and father entered.

"Tom!"

"Tottie!"

They move apart, and raise flushed, love-lit faces.

"Uncle, I could not help it."

"Father, do not be angry."

"My dear children," began Mr. Brett, with a smile that appeared perfectly angelic to them both, "do not be afraid of us. Tom," laying a kind hand on his shoulder, "it is for you I have asked for Tottie"

He felt the young man's whole frame quiver beneath his grasp, as he continued: "Years ago, when I was just your age, I loved such another," looking towards Tottie, "and I am acting as I am to-day to save you from the loneliness of my solitary to morrow."

Madge the Model.

BY I. WEDDLE.

THE Life School at —— was sadly in need of a female model, and the members were almost in despair.

True, more than one young woman had come forward, like a new Iphigenia, and offered her maiden charms in the interests of art; but Harry Cameron, the president, was too much of an idealist to be easily satisfied.

The first was too scraggy about the shoulders, the second too short in the back, and the third, fourth, and fifth were in turn rejected as "leggy," "dumpy" and "wasp-waisted."

Cameron was growing irascible, and would stand on the hearth and stroke his long white beard, vituperating British models in stronger language than would bear reporting in an unexpurgated edition.

"Ballet girls—pah! every one of them. Oh, yes, they'll pass muster where the thin ones can pay their tunics, and the fat ones draw their corsets tighter, but we want a different thing here. Good Heavens! why is it that every second Italian woman you meet makes you mad to paint her, while out of the whole lot of English ones you can't find a single creature that would'nt vulgarise your canvas past redemption? No wonder sickly domestic art is our forte if we can't find a woman fit to look at till we've tied an apron about her waist, or put a child in her arms to show that she's human."

And the little man, having talked himself into a fury, would stop to take breath, while his audience laughed at him more or less openly.

His special hobby being the classic, the way he rode it on every opportune and inopportune occasion was a standing source of amusement; yet his enthusiasm did not fail to raise the standard of the school, or influence unconsciously the taste of each individual member.

Picture then, the excitement when this critic of the female form—divine and otherwise—announced that at length he had found his ideal, a woman, "grand, heroic, antique, superb—aye, and epic also."

Now, when Cameron talks of the Epic in painting, he looks so superhumanly wise that it would take a very brave man to ask him what he means by it; indeed only one member of the class was ever foolhardy enough to do it, and then the little president turned on his heel in contemptuous silence, and always afterwards spoke of poor Jardine as "completely destitute of true artistic insight."

All the same, his "Epic Model" was the subject of many jests during the day or two that intervened between his success in finding her and the next meeting of the club.

Well, whether epic or no, the woman was splendid. Tall, large-limbed, massive, she stood with no clothing save her magnificent thick black hair falling below her waist. A paid model merely, yet with a tragic nobleness and purity in every line of the statuesque figure that made the heart throb.

"Well, what do you think of my 'Despairing Dido?'" cried the president, as he placed the full round arm in the position he wished, and stood off for a moment, looking at the pose.

"Ah! just keep your head like that; the despair is perfect!" And a chorus of approval greeted his words, while the paid model stood motionless. Not a blush rose to her cheek, nor a quiver moved those firm set lips; the woman might have been carved in stone for all the emotion she showed, or that she awakened.

Not a man there remembered that the creature was of the same flesh and blood as the mother who bore him, and the wife or maiden that he loved.

What she looked like was everything, what she felt or thought or suffered never so much as entered into the question.

Kindled by the woman's majestic beauty the fire of art absorbed into itself every other feeling, and the higher humanity of pity, and the lower humanity of sense, were alike incorporated into the cruel, pure, glowing, white-hot furnace.

The school contained not a single dilettante member, but was emphatically one of workers, and during the two hours in the club twice a week every brain was at full pressure, every nerve at strain.

Only on meeting and on parting did laugh and jest go round; in the interim almost unbroken silence reigned.

Every man saw but his own canvas and that glorious nude form standing in their midst. Past and future were forgotten in the pressure of the present.

But the woman, motionless perforce, what "life studies" during those bitter silent hours might memory's master hand press on her aching brain?

Did the bare grey walls give place to green or golden fields, the heavy atmosphere to the air of heaven, and did she see again the waving woodlands of her childhood's home?

One picture perchance stood out from all the rest, and again on the crowded wharf of the city she might stand, her hand clasped in the strong grasp of a bronzed, blue-eyed sailor lad, and as she gazed into his face might fancy she heard once more his last "Be faithful, Madge, be faithful, till I'm back again," as he took his farewell kiss. Misery, misery—only eighteen months ago!

An attic room, bare and cold and desolate. On a bed in the corner a woman weak and helpless, yet cruel as the grave to which she was hastening, but withal a mother; while the girl that called her such bent over the heavy garments on which she must ply her needle eighteen hours out of the twenty-four for the wretched pence that kept them from beggary; while the miserable paralytic fretted and whined and cursed because so little could be spared for food and fuel and medicine to make her ebbing life less utterly unbearable.

"But, great Heaven! why was it that the later pictures grew so dim? Was it tears in her eyes blinding her that the light of the farthing candle would serve her to work by no longer?

Another picture, and a tortured, despairing woman stepped out from a sweater's den, denied with cruel words the ill-paid work that had stood between her and direst dishonor.

Too late! too late for ever now, to know what thoughts filled the mind of Madge the Model as week after week she came and took her place in the glare of the gas-lit studio. None asked her then, nor cared to know, what her life might be meanwhile; whether the money she earned was thrown into the gutter or offered to Heaven itself.

Whether the sick and helpless, or the brutal and mean shared in the gain. Only in the light of the end can Fancy's pencil dimly trace the inner life of one who never told her sorrows to human ear.

* * * * * * *

"See—hold the flowers so, like this sketch; the fore-arm wants grace," said Cameron, as he posed the model for a new study, throwing towards her a photograph from a figure of Leighton's which had been passing from hand to hand evoking plaudits as it went. But the woman hesitated.

"Put me as ye wad hae me yersel, for I canna see the picture, sir," she said quietly; but the voice, in spite of its evenness, was indescribably plaintive.

"Can't see the picture, my good girl—why not?" queried Cameron irritably. Every moment was precious, and he was arranging the folds to some purple drapery as a foil to the glorious "carnations" of the dark hued woman. It was a foible of his that the class always did better work if the model were posed as a picture, though only a study was to be attempted.

"I'se pretty near blind, sir, though maybe ye'll not hae noticed it. What for should ye?" she answered, the voice yet unbroken by self-pity, and asking no sympathy from the men around.

They were not of her class, and she looked for no kinship of feeling from them. Never by word nor deed nor look had they shown an interest in her fate, bound by the stringent virtuous rules of the club, and she neither expected nor asked it now.

But Cameron had a kind enough heart when it could be got at, beneath all the artistic bric-a-brac that his brain had accumulated over it, and for once he forgot the value of the brief hours at his disposal as he stood pitifully regarding the girl.

"Blind, blind—you don't mean it? Why did you never tell us? But you must be cured. What advice have you had?"

"It's hopeless, sir, leastways so they told me at the dispensary. Now, if ye'll fix my arm, we'd better be gettin' on, it's later nor usual."

Cameron put it in position, but the little man's eyes were dim with tears as he turned to his sketch, and for an hour afterwards he kept repeating half-aloud, "Blind, blind, and hopeless. God forgive us!"

By and by habit proved too strong, and the artist that had been excited at first settled to work again, and threw into it the fervor of emotion pity had awakened.

Spring was coming, and the room had grown oppressively hot and stifling with the fumes of tobacco and some escape of gas, so, contrary to custom, the door had been partially opened. Save the caretaker, no one lived in the building; but suddenly there was a scuffle in the lobby and the sound of a heavy foot.

No one appeared to notice it till the model started from her pose, the flowers she held falling to the ground.

Another moment and a tall bronzed sailor-like man stood within the studio. As his eyes fell on her the woman cowered, shuddered, and clutched frantically at the curtain against which she stood.

Strange anomaly of womanhood, the creature that had braved a score of eyes, strong in her inner rectitude, shrank before this one man's gaze, as though it stabbed her to the soul. Strange, too, that his very presence in the room changed the whole atmosphere.

Art's icy strength gave way, and every soul was plunged into the surging waters of human passion and despair where this man and woman struggled in their awful agony.

Slowly and without a word he came to where she stood, and, as he reached her, she fell on her knees at his feet, her long hair shielding her cowering form from his burning passionate eyes.

"Oh! Richard, Richard," was all she said, as she raised her trembling hands

towards him, and, with a grasp like iron, his strong fingers closed round her wrists and held them as in a vice.

Still, no word came from his twitching lips.

"Speak to me, speak to me, Richard, for mercy's sake say you do not blame me!" cried the woman, all her self-restraint gone now and her beautiful face contorted with anguish.

"Oh! you don't know how I was driven to it—how could I let my mother starve when I could save her, and she thought I wouldn't work my hardest that she might not lack?"

Still no word of pardon nor of blame answered that heart-rending cry.

Slowly the man unclasped his right hand and slid it in his breast, while, white and sweatruck, the onlookers stood as though spellbound by the strength of an emotion they could not fathom, awaiting passively in spite of themselves the next development of the drama before them.

A flash of steel, an uplifted knife, a woman's fair, unscreened bosom, a rush of crimson blood, and Madge lay dying at the stranger's feet, the flowers she had held aloft a moment before soaking in that ghastly stream.

The man stood watching her a moment, then drew off his thick blue pilot jacket, and threw it reverently over the woman as lay. The dark eyes unclosed and rested on him and the pallid lips murmured his name; then he threw himself beside her and kissed again and again the dying and the dead.

* * * * * *

In a convict prison a man is wearing out the dreary years till Death's Royal Prerogative shall set him free on the other side of things.

In a workhouse infirmary a paralysed woman lies slowly dying, waited on by stranger hands; and while they tend her somewhat roughly she curses them, and mutters to herself: 'Aye, if Madge would have been guided by me she'd never have ta'en up with that riff raff, and she might have been livin' yet to wait on her mother; but she was always a stubborn self-willed lass and came to a bad end.'

On the line in the Royal Academy hung Cameron's masterpiece, a 'Dido Mounting the Pyre,' and fame and fortune did it bring to the hitherto not very successful North-country artist.

With the exception of these three lives the old world wags much the same, as though Madge the Model had never trod its rugged ways with bleeding feet, and fallen an unrecognised martyr of our highly developed civilisation, and our un-Christianlike Christ an Society.

CURIOSITIES OF COMPOSITION.

The following are taken from genuine essays of scholars in the English Public Schools: there is a ring of artless error and unadulterated blundering about the true metal which no specious counterfeit can produce.

"James Watt was at first a wretched man, but he made great discoveries in steam, and at last pulled himself up to the top of the tree of life."

"Music soothes the savage breast, some men say, and so it did in the case of David and Solomon."

"About this time a Turk came to London, and set up a coffee shop at which beverage he had received a reputation from his Mahometan friends at making it."

"An overloaded donkey or horse which is doing its best to do its utmost."

"In conclusion a linguist, in these days of electricity and steam, can always bring his languages into use, whether at examinations or in Society."

The following contain some valuable information:

"The Armada was to take the Duke of Panama and his troops and to land them in England."

"Elizabeth's reign lasted from fifteen fifty-three to seventeen hundred and two."

"The horse, whose origin was found to be in Arabia and Australia, is our chief domestic animal."

"Also we may call the dog a domestic animal although in this country we get no use out of him."

"Of course if we do as to our capabilities beatings will not make us do more."

"The person who says this would not think of saying it if he were alive. It is also very bad form and shows the worst form of ill-nature, because for one great and important reason is that the dead person leaves friends and relatives behind them. As a saying says— One should do unto all men as they would they do unto us."

Talk about Irish bulls, what Hibernians can surpass some of the following?

"The Temperance Society have more or less started coffee-houses and reading rooms, etc., to amuse the working people. No man ought to be made to join these societies unless he offers first."

"If you go to the theatre constantly you get to like it so much that you become dissatisfied if you do not go there often."

"If it were not for some kind of public press people would be ignorant of many subjects, and the most of knowledge would only be confined to those who know it. But whether it would be wise to abolish the free press is not true."

"Then in autumn in the country all outdoor pleasures still continue till the very last which are difficult to obtain in a town unless one walks some miles out of it."

Pets are sometimes made of horses."

The following excerpts are difficult to be classified, but they are choice:

"Of course of the two classes the domestic animals are the most profitable for one reason and the chief one, because they are used for food, and another for their skin."

"It has sometimes been heard of that from a mere jest on a young person, it has led to all kinds of effects, and frighten them for life. It has often been heard of a person being frightened to ask another for anything are even frightened to speak."

We pause—not for want of material, but for want of space. The above extracts would have interested Macaulay—Macaulay, whose proverbial "schoolboy" had all knowledge and understanding, and was equally conversant with ancient and modern languages, English, European, and general history and literature, geography, and mathematics.

WHY HE CARRIED IT.—Some few years since, residents of the little village of S—— prided themselves upon the beauty of its principal "street," its over-arched trees, its well-kept walks, and general neatness. Only one thing was lacking; there was no street lights. Finally some public spirited residents suggested the purchase of a dozen lamps.

The idea met with general approval save from one old man, Mr. Black, who made it a rule to object to everything that he had not suggested himself. He declared the project a foolish extravagance and loudly protested against it.

But the lamps were purchased and set at regular distances along the village street. Each lamp was to be cared for by the person near whose house it stood.

This arrangement answered very well, and the street was sufficiently well lighted, although occasionally some one would forget to light his lamp.

Mr. Black evidently did not think so. During the winter evenings he was frequently noticed going about with a lantern.

"What do you carry a lantern for, Mr. Black?" inquired a neighbor.

The old man's sour face assumed the semblance of a smile as he replied:

"Well, now, I'll tell ye. I didn't use to have no trouble in going about this neighborhood anywhere, but now I have to take a lantern to avoid running into those plaguy lamp posts."

ABOUT SOME DEFINITIONS.

A definition is itself commonly defined as "a description in words," but to be a good definition, it needs to be something more: it should be short, concise and lucid.

Dr. Johnson defined network as "anything reticulated or decussated with interstices between the intersections," but even "the great lexicographer," as Miss Pinkerton always delighted in calling him, was not at all times clear in these matters, and schoolboy's definition of the word is much more intelligible to the ordinary mind. It was as follows: "A number of holes tied together with pieces of string."

Burke defined poetry as "the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing;" but Coleridge was much more concise: "Prose: words in their best order. Poetry: the best words in the best order."

Kissing has always presented unusual difficulties in definition. A French mathematician once called it "an operation which consists in the approach of two curves which have the same end as far as the point of contact."

There can be no question that definitions afford exceptionally good opportunities for the display of wit and humor. For instance, what could be better than Charles Dickens's description of an arbor? "One of those sweet retreats which humane men erect for the accommodation of spiders."

Voltaire defined an apothecary as "a man who pours drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less;" and Talleyrand describes a metaphysician as "a man who excels in writing with black ink on a black ground."

"A lawyer," said Brougham "is a learned gentlemen who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

Douglas Jerrold called dogmatism "puppyism come to its full growth."

Readers of the "Professor at the Breakfast Table" will remember Dr Wendell Holmes's definition of a Stethoscope. "A pocket spyglass for looking into people's chests with your ears."

Somebody once asked Graham to define a present. The wit replied, "A present is something you do not care to keep, given to a person who does not want it."

Politicians have frequently perpetrated *jeux d'esprit* of this kind. Mr. Gladstone was requested on one occasion to give a definition of the word "deputation." The great statesman promptly produced the following: "A noun of multitude, which signifies many but does not signify much."

Lord Beaconsfield, or rather Mr. Disraeli, was once asked in the House of Commons what were the duties of a deacon. The right honorable gentleman rose with dignity from his seat, and said, with the most solemn visage, "A deacon, sir, is a man who performs diaconal functions." This delightful evasion reminds us of the invariable answer which one receives to the question, "Why is glass transparent?" "Because you can see through it" (i.e. "Because it is transparent"); a form of reply to be classed with the feminine argumentative one, "Because it is."

An eminent physiologist once defined death by hanging as "a process by which inspiration is checked, circulation is stopped and the blood suffuses and congests the brain." Archbishop Whately, who was present on the occasion, exclaimed, "Nonsense! It is a consequence of the rope not being long enough to let the feet touch the ground."

A SHREWD SWINDLER.—An English scoundrel in Paris is said to have reaped a handsome harvest during the recent Exhibition. He is by profession a pickpocket; but for the time he laid aside pocket picking, and purchased a small hotel, paying down $400 for it, and promising to pay the balance of the purchase money in further instalments at intervals of two months. Paris being full, the hotel was full also. The prices were exceptionally low, and the accommodation suited English people. Over every bed in the house was a printed placard, on which the guests were warned that the landlord declined to be responsible for the loss of any valuables which had not been handed over to him for deposit in the hotel safe. Every valuable mysteriously disappeared; and so, in self defence, the guests patronized the hotel safe pretty freely. Two months passed, and the second instalment of the purchase money became due. Then it was that, on one fine morning, the pickpocket landlord suddenly disappeared. The anxious guests caused the safe to be broken open. It was empty! The scoundrel had decamped with nearly $20,000 worth of jewelry, notes, money, and other valuables. He was subsequently arrested, with shaven face, dyed hair, and blue spectacles, and with his right hand in the pockets of a British tourist; but, alas! the valuables had vanished for ever.

THE LILAC.—The lilac is perhaps, all things considered, the most splendid of flowering trees. There are two or three distinct species and several varieties, the colors varying from deep purple to pure white.

Everybody is familiar with its fragrance, which is often too powerful to make it welcome as a table decoration within doors.

The perfume is exhaled most strongly in the evening and in mild showery weather. The tree belongs to the old olive family, and is closely allied to the common privet, but it bears no fleshy fruit, and is valueless except for the splendor of its blossoms, which seldom endure in bright weather much longer than a fortnight; its foliage is little ornamental, except while the young shoots, which accompany the flowering season, are in their pristine greenness.

As a flowering shrub however the lilac cannot be too highly prized. It will grow in any soil, and London smoke has no prejudicial effect upon it.

Like the plane indeed, it seems rather to revel in our murky atmosphere. It comes from Persia, but has been naturalized in gardens for some hundred years.

IN LUCK.—A broker stepped out of the Broad street door of the New York Stock Exchange yesterday, apparently after having made some money. He espied a little mite of a ragged newsboy, not three feet high, and a philanthropic notion took possession of him.

He caught up the little bunch of rags and, carrying it to a cigar stand, procured an empty cigar box. This he placed in the dazed boy's hands.

Then the broker dashed into the Exchange with a wild whoop that directed general attention to him.

Instantly he was surrounded by a crowd, and Broker Dick Halstead threw a coin into the box, seized the boy, passed him to J. W. Bass, who also passed him on after dropping a contribution into the box. Coins and bills began to spin into it.

The Sugar Trust crowd was invaded, then the New England crowd, and the pile of money in the box grew rapidly. The yells, the sight of the money, and the general novelty of his trip were beyond the little fellow's comprehension.

He simply stared blankly. Finally he was released. There must have been $60 in the box. He shot out of the Exchange, and was last seen running up Nassau street, hugging the box tightly to his breast. Who he was, where he lived, or what he would do with his fortune no one knew.

Mrs. Fangle—Do you think that animals and birds have a speech of their own? Mr. Fangle—Certainly I do. I have heard bow-wow language myself.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A novel use of the phonograph is being made in Mexico. A great many natives who wish to communicate through the mails cannot read or write. The Government has, therefore, introduced a system of correspondence by phonograph—that is, the Mexican talks into the instrument, and the cylinder is sent to his correspondent, who has the cylinder inserted in the phonograph at his post office, and receives the message *viva voce*. What an interesting time the post-office clerks must have listening to what another fellow's girl has to say to him. Making love by phonograph is something new, but it's all the same in Spanish.

An enthusiastic correspondent has been writing of the pleasures of cycling in India. This is not exactly the season of the year to long to try it, but his account of the fine roads makes one wish the country a trifle nearer and the weather a trifle more temperate. Indian highways, with their centre well metaled for a width of about 18 feet, and their row of wide spreading, shade-giving trees on each side, must be as delightful for the cyclist as those of France, and far in advance of anything they have in England. Unfortunately, India is not within reach for a fortnight's holiday, but it is quite clear that no one whose work carries him to that country should go there without his bicycle. It is especially about the district of Aligarn that my correspondent writes so glowingly.

Says a Boston paper: "A journal indulges in pleasantry because an umbrella maker in Brussels put on his sign the words 'Furnisher to the Congo State.' Perhaps if the journal knew more about the subject it would not think it so funny. No article sent out to the Congo State, where there are 40,000 000 of people, and any number of small potentates, is so popular or sells so readily for a large sum as the huge, gay umbrella of which Brussels now produces a great many tons every year. These umbrellas are, in a certain sense, insignia of royalty; that is, they are much prized by the black kinglets who sit beneath their grateful shade. What the canopy used to be to the traveling monarchs in the time of the Crusades, the umbrella is to the numerous feudal chieftains of the Congo to day. The accredited umbrella makers in Brussels are acquiring fortunes."

The following story of a novel burglar alarm comes from Buffalo via Pittsburg. "Mrs. Abram Altman, of this city, owns a most ferocious-looking bloodhound made of bronze. The animal was purchased from a Boston woman who had it made to do service as a burglar alarm. It is large, and in its diaphragm she had phonograph set. She then borrowed a neighbor's dog to bark into the machine to load it. The bark did not exactly correspond with the appearance of the big bronze dog, but she thought it would frighten burglars, for she said the dog's bark would be worse than his bite, anyway. And so she set up her brazen image, with its full set of phonographic bowls and patent insides, and had it connected with her room by wires and electric button, so that when the burglars made their appearance she could just touch the button and the dog would do the rest. But the burglars did not come, and when the old lady died the dog burglar alarm, as it was called, was shipped to this city."

Of the King of Dahomey, a Paris letter says that "he was reared in the French capital, and much money was spent and careful attention lavished upon his instruction. But in an evil hour he fell in love with a Parisian beauty, and because she would not have him the young man made up his mind that the life of a barbarian was preferable to that of a civilized and enlightened being. He bade eternal adieu, therefore, to the classics, the arts and the sciences, and zealously set himself to the pursuit of a barbarian career. His most remarkable reform as King of Dahomey was to surround himself with a body guard of strapping women, regular Amazons, who rode horseback man fashion, used the bow and spear, and wielded the battle-ax with singular dexterity. His majesty has a theory that these women are better fighters than men, and are more likely to be loyal to his interests. A contingent of these Amazons is to be sent to London soon and shown to the public in the French exhibition now in the course of preparation in that city."

Pry not into the affairs of others.

Our Young Folks.

VERAX AND HIS JOURNEY.

BY S. M. BOWNEY.

VERAX was a changeling—this means that fairies took him away one night soon after his birth, putting someone else into his cradle; a thing hard to discover or prove, since babies a few hours old have a strong family likeness.

Verax was the only son of good King Magnus, and there were great rejoicings over his coming, but malicious fairies gave him to some charcoal-burners in a forest—people so poor that they grumbled about every fresh mouth to be fed.

Time passed on; the children throve, and the parents began to wonder why these boys were so unlike them: the charcoal-burner's son in the palace and King Magnus' heir in the forest hovel.

Verax, with milk-white skin and blue eyes, was sweet-tempered, kindly, truthful and seemed to have no trait in common with the dark skinned family, who gave him blows nearly as often as bread.

He in the palace, on the other hand, grew a puny black haired youngster, disliked more and more for sneaking ways, disagreeable temper, and over-weening ideas of his own importance.

Greatly did Magnus and Queen Dulcina wonder at the bad nature of the boy, which no care in training, no punishment, had power to alter; and Dulcina said sorrowfully, as she wiped away a tear—

"One would think the child did not belong to us. A high position or power of any sort should make those who have them doubly good, doubly careful to use them properly; and if Mendego grows up like this I tremble for the country."

You may be sure the wicked fairies laughed, seeing the success of their scheme; but, fortunately, there are good as well as bad fairies, and the former are always trying to undo the work of the latter.

Good ones live among the flowers, sip dew, and are always ready to do kind actions.

The others flit by night with moths, dance among toadstools, take shelter under leaves of poisonous plants, and are ripe for any mischief.

When things are worst they are pretty sure to mend, as it proved in the case of the changelings.

One day Verax refused to tell a lie which would have brought a few coppers to his foster father's pocket—never mind what the lie was—and after being beaten till every bone in his body ached, the poor wanderer away into the depths of the forest.

Presently he sat down, laid his elbows across his knee, buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. It was summer-time, and where the green shade was a little broken the warmest of yellow sunbeams stole through, kissing the fox gloves and St. John's wort that grew among the bracken.

"Don't cry, my child," said a voice, gentle and sweet as the tinkle of distant sheep-bells.

Verax strangled his sobs in amazement, glanced up, and noticed for the first time what tear-blinded eyes had prevented his seeing before: namely, that close beside him stood a foxglove, its purple bells tapering to pale green buds.

He noticed perhaps because the voice seemed to come from the plant, and after dashing away the drops that trickled over his cheeks, the boy saw poised on the speckled lip of a floweret a tiny creature no taller than a good-sized gnat, white-winged and golden-haired.

"Don't cry," repeated the voice, when the owner saw that Verax's attention was roused. "You are a good child, and have suffered long enough for the sins of others. It is time you were comforted, so listen to me. Those who beat and ill use you are not your parents: they have no claims on you, and it lies in your power to leave them for those who will love and cherish you, as all of your name deserve. Will you go? Will you be guided by me?"

"Go where?" inquired the listener in growing surprise; "and how can you guide me?"

"Child, our home lies among the flowers by day, and you have neither thoughtlessly plucked nor trampled upon them, because you are a friend to them, as all innocent tenderhearted being are of the beautiful in nature. Keep straight forward where the stain of earth are painted to show the way. Let none persuade you to turn aside, neither one from the fairies in the path, nor even flowers in case you should stumble, but go boldly on till the forest is passed, the mountain climbed, the plain traversed, the stream forded: then your own country will be reached and the king will recognise his son."

Greatly wondering, Verax rose, thanked the speaker, and asked if he should say "good bye" to those among whom he had lived so long.

"No," was the reply; "and remember this: the straighter you go the quicker you reach home, for crooked ways are always longest and sadly misleading. If asked your name, answer fearlessly, and the evil ones who stole you will see you are no longer in their power. Rest when you are weary, and pluck a handful of yellow pansies when you meet them by-and-by in waste places, for my wicked brethren dislike them. They are rightly called 'Heartsease.'"

Then Verax plunged farther into the forest, finding at first no difficulty, for honeysuckle hung in chains of fragrance from the trees, foxgloves nodded to him, and tufts of moon daisies shimmered whitely among a wilderness of green.

On went Verax; a feeling of happiness stirred him and a smile was on his lips, when suddenly he fell. The reason was two-fold.

Firstly, his eyes were fixed far in front, so that he failed to see what lay just before him.

Secondly, he did not notice the sun had set and twilight was creeping on a time when all the powers of darkness were busy.

As Verax scrambled, dismayed, to his feet, he heard a mocking laugh, but only saw a spotted snake, which glided away directly.

Presently a hedgehog appeared, and as the boy was passing in silence the creature grunted his displeasure.

"I came to invite you to my house," said he. "It is close by; there you may rest till morning."

"No, thank you; I'm not tired, and the moon will soon rise."

"The fairies license my inn," remarked Hedgehog, laying his bristles flat, as if preparing for fight. "Turn aside for once, if you like."

Verax caught sight of some pansies, and plucked them before speaking again, when he turned, Hedgehog had gone. Then the boy tied the flowers together, put them in his bosom, and went boldly on.

"Hullo! What are you doing here?" inquired a fox before long. "Pay toll if you want to go on."

The fox was big, Verax was small; so it was not wonderful his heart should thump when he saw this bushy tailed creature blocking the path. "My name is Verax, let me pass."

"Foolish boy! you're going wrong. A few yards will bring you to a prickly hedge, with holes hardly big enough for a rabbit. Trust me to put you right, only give me your flowers first."

The listener felt bewildered. Fox spoke with assurance. Besides being reputed wise, he was powerful too; in short, Verax tore the posy from his breast. For some distance all went well; walking seemed easier, and presently the guide turned his wily face for a speech.

"Keep straight forward, my dear," said he mockingly. "I wish you joy of good intentions. Another time when you have found heartsease, keep it. Good bye."

The boy's suspicion was roused. He stood still, glanced about him, and saw to his sorrow what in haste and confidence he had not noticed.

Flowers there were none, except the deadly nightshade, some poisonous berries twined over a shrub to the right, mares' tails and rushes sprang thickly from the marshy ground, and the false guide had gone.

There was nothing for it but to go on, and before long the traveller came to the hedge against which Fox had cautioned him.

As he peeped through the holes Verax saw open land strewn with flowers, mostly pansies.

This sight reassured the gazer, who knew that the safest way to regain the path was to brave the difficulties of that hedge; and not till he was badly torn, bleeding, and tired, did Verax find himself on the other side, full of resolve to listen to no more persuasion.

Meanwhile the good fairy had been busy at the palace, watching her chances to whisper to Queen Dulcina, while she slept, that the black-haired youngster had not a drop of royal blood in his veins.

The queen was startled by the dream, and the king said it must be nonsense; but the same rumor went about the court, and grew till it became impossible to ignore it.

"Let's get him," cried the people. "If he be a changeling, we will never have him to reign over us."

So next morning, when the child stepped into his white marble bath the attendant threw in three red roses to see what would happen.

If Mendego were the king's son the roses would remain fair and sweet; if not, they must wither or change when in contact with the changeling's body!

At first Mendego fell into a rage, and declared he would never bathe with flowers in the water, but being threatened with force, he stepped down.

Hardly had he touched the bottom when the red petals became three toads, which sank into corners out of sight.

The day this happened a boy stood before the palace gates, begging to see King Magnus. The gatekeeper of course refused; but his Majesty, overhearing, came to the rescue, asked the stranger's name and business.

"I am Verax, and have come home," said the boy, fixing his blue eyes on the pair that looked like a reflection of them. "The way was long and hard to keep, still I am safe now."

"It is indeed my son," muttered Magnus, his face radiant with joy, "for this child is the image of his mother. Come in," he added aloud, "and welcome home. He who bravely keeps straight forward on life's pathway can never fail to be right in the end, however perplexing things may seem at the time."

So bells were rung, cannons fired, and bonfires lit that night to celebrate the return of the true heir.

As for Mendego, he was put in charge of a courtier known as old Doubleface, who hurried him off in the midst of the rejoicings, promising to restore the boy to his parents, the charcoal-burners.

Whether he did so is doubtful, for nobody believed a word Doubleface said. I am inclined to think he kept poor Mendego as a slave, and more than this need not be said, for the service of all those who are dealers in deceit grows harder and heavier with time.

A STRANGE GUEST.

BY G.

UNDER the hedge in the meadow green
Four little children are to be seen.
And who are they, and what are they doing there?

"It is Arthur's birthday, and he and his two brothers, Alfred and James, and their little sister Di, have come out this fine sunny afternoon into the green meadows to have a picnic.

Alfred being the eldest has the care of the basket of cake. Arthur had thrown himself down close by a hedge where the wild roses were blooming, and said—

"As it is my birthday I am not going to do anything myself; you must spread the feast."

"Yes," said James, "and I do not think we could have a better place than this."

Little Di was eating a piece of plum cake, and she stopped to say—

"I wish we had a birthday every day, then we should come out here in the sun and eat cake and have strawberries and cream."

"Well," said James, "then you ought to say your piece of poetry to us,

'Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread;'

for if there were no cows we should not have any milk or cream."

"Yes," said Di. And folding her hands she repeated the lines. When she came to the last verse,

"Do not chew the hemlock rank
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet,"

they were all startled by a loud "Moo-o" that seemed close to them.

Arthur jumped up.

Alfred said, "There must be a bull somewhere." Di gave a little cry and looked up, when all at once she began to laugh and pointed with her finger to the hedge. The others looked up too and saw the head of a large white cow gazing quietly over a broken part of the hedge.

"Why, Mrs. Cow, have you come to our picnic?" said Alfred. "We must give you something to eat."

Alfred felt in the basket, and there he found some cabbage leaves that had been put to keep the strawberries cool. And Mrs. Cow ate them with much content.

THE BLIND WHISTLER.—One of the best known figures in the streets of Hilo, the port of the island of Hawaii, is a young man who is called the Blind Whistler.

As he walks about the little town, there waddles sedately behind a big white goose that is his faithful friend; and the two form a curious couple.

A good many steamers touch at Hilo, and it was once their custom to announce their arrival by sounding their whistle.

They do not do so now, because our blind hero invented a plan by which he made himself the herald of the incoming vessels.

The Whistler had been fond of music from boyhood, but there came a time when he grew a sort of "Nine days' wonder" to the good folk of Hilo, for strange sounds used to proceed from his hut and the woods in which he loved to roam.

At last the mystery was solved. One day was heard, loud and shrill, the whistle of an expected steamer. It was soon repeated, but when the shopkeepers popped out of doors, no boat was seen entering the harbor.

Instead of the looked for ship, they saw the blind lad in the street producing from a bamboo whistle so accurate an imitation of the steamer's signal that people had said to themselves, as a matter of course—"There's the Hawaii steamer coming in."

The youth had actually formed a notion of reminding the inhabitants of the approach of the steamer in this useful fashion.

Nothing, we are told, succeeds like success. And so the Blind Whistler resolved to study the whistles of all the steamers that regularly put in at the port.

This he accomplished; and as soon as a vessel is sighted, her whistle is sounded in different parts of the town, and the people know that in an hour or so she will be alongside the quay.

What is the Blind Whistler like? He is tall and slender, has jet black hair, and a ruddy complexion of the hue of copper.

He goes barefoot, and in the breast of his shirt he carries the half-dozen whistles one of which is pretty sure to be in vigorous use before long.

The ingenuity of the blind is notorious, and the Whistler of Hilo is only another proof that owing to their skill and industry, and to the wonderful keenness of their other senses, the people who seem to miss the want of sight least of all are the blind themselves.

EXPERIMENTING WITH IT.—A certain well known man had written a lecture, in which he had full play to his robust humor, and in order to try it on a dog, as it were, went to a little, remote, sober-sided town.

The people of the place were very seriously affected by the prospect that so great and famous a man was coming among them, and the hall was well filled. As the lecturer entered, a hush fell upon the audience. The poor country people were deeply and solemnly impressed by the presence of such a man.

In his very best spirits he began his lecture. It was his intention to set his audience into a roar of laughter at the very beginning, but his effort was in vain. The people sat there in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing his tremendous fiction as a great and beneficial truth.

For an hour and a half he labored to produce a smile. He twinkled, scintillated, effervesced, but all to no purpose. The audience was as solemn as a sexton.

When he had concluded his lecture and was leaving the hall, quite convinced that he should never succeed with that lecture, he was met by an old man, who gravely said—

"Gov'nor, I'm much obleeged fer that lectur, and I want to make a leetle apology fer me and some 'o my neighbors, fer I dissay you noticed some on us looked like we wanted to laugh. 'Twan't no feelin' uv disrespect fer you, gov'nor, but they was two or three times there that we couldn't hardly help snickerin' right out."

We are conscious to ourselves that there is a great admixture of earthly motives in our service of God. Nay, it almost appears as if we should never have dreamed of loving God, if He Himself had not been pleased to command us to do so; and therefore we do it just in the way in which men always do a thing because they are told, and which they would not have done if they had not been told.

Many of us, perhaps, have already given the best of our lives to the world, and now it is the leavings which go to God.

Oh! how often is He asked to drink the dregs of a cup which not the world only, but the devil also, have well-nigh drained before Him, and with what adorable condescension does He put His lips to it, and dwell with complacency upon the draught, as if it were the new wine of some archangel's first unblemished love!

DRIFTING AWAY.

BY J. C. H.

In the dim retrospect of years,
Far down the misty way,
A radiant vision reappears
Of childhood's golden day.

Bright faces on the tiny crafts—
Sweet voices in the air;
The breeze so kind that gently wafts
The precious burdens there.

The keels glide smoothly o'er the sands,
Drifting now here and there;
From mossy banks the outstretched hands
Gather sweet flowers rare.

Soon down the tide with quick'ning speed,
They're drifting everywhere—
Through cane and reed and tangled weed,
Out on the ocean fair.

For many days they keep together—
A crew with hope and heart;
'Til passions rise like wintry weather,
To drive them far apart.

Some drift away to far off isles,
Wafted by fragrant breeze;
Where pleasure for a while beguiles,
Then wrecks in unknown seas.

Some with chart and compass given
By Him who walked the wave,
While storm-tossed and tempest-driven,
Trusted in Him to save.

Of all the crew that happy morn,
So full of hope and glee,
One drifts around, and and forlorn,
Lone mariner of the sea.

ODDITIES IN ADVERTISING.

Many advertisers who want to keep pace with what they consider the progress of the times think that people will not trouble to read the old style of advertisements, setting forth that "So and so beg to inform the nobility, gentry, and residents," etc., "and hope by prompt attention," etc.

They aim rather at trying to decoy people into reading or noticing their advertisements whether they want to or not, and, as often as possible, before they see that it really is an advertisement at all.

Here is one illustration of what we mean. It is from a San Francisco paper:

"A romance in real life has come to the fore within the past ten days. A gentleman of this country, well known for his talents and acquirements, left the Pacific coast for a tour in Europe, to bury his bitter disappointment at his rejection by a splendid beauty. During his absence the lady rejected five other admirers. Reaching home three weeks ago, the traveler determined to try his self-command by calling on his fair enemy. As he began to mount the steps of the house she came up, returning from a walk. Their eyes met, he raised his hat, and they entered the house. Two hours afterwards he went forth an accepted lover. His hat was made by Smith, of K— Street."

A paragraph like this, inserted among new items, would naturally attract far more attention than an ordinary tradesman's advertisement. It is more especially in America that this sort of typographical trickery is in vogue.

More legitimate, however, than such attempts as this to gain public notice by false pretences, and more likely to meet with general approval, are the often really beautiful pictorial designs upon which enterprising firms or individuals spend large sums of money—these pictures being, in some instances, perfect works of art, done originally by artists of eminence, and almost deserving of being framed, even though reproductions, if it were not for the inevitable advertisement running across them.

Then there are the toy balloons which certain large establishments give to the children who accompany adult purchasers; the fans handed to ladies on hot days; the local time-tables, in compact form, given away gratuitously; the almanacs large or small; the tape measures, or the one-foot paper rules; the cookery books; the leather parcel holders, and a variety of other attractive or useful objects which, through "advertisements" pure and simple, are likely to be kept for their utility or their intrinsic value.

Complete standard novels have also been printed and sold for a penny, in order, of course, to advertise firms who take care that their name shall appear on almost every page. Another interesting feature of modern advertising is the issuing of paper on which puzzles or optical curiosities are printed.

Still another form is that of a sheet which seems to be simply white paper as it lies on the table, but offers for our admiration the portrait of a well known actress when held up to the light, or of a paper which shows the features of a sleeping woman who, however, is found to be quite wide awake when held up and looked at with the light behind.

These are a few of the almost innumerable forms which the art of attracting public attention has assumed.

Then there is what is known as street advertising to be taken into account. It is often considered insufficient simply to send out "sandwich men" with their boards.

The men themselves must be dressed in some peculiar costume, or be doing something or other to make sure that they will not pass unobserved along the streets.

For instance, they must not only advise the public to "smoke somebody's mixture," but they must set the example by having long pipes at which they diligently puff away while, with smoking caps on their heads, they walk through the streets; or others will be seen clad in fur coats as a practical method of showing off a fur dealer's wares.

Not long since a Paris publisher employed a large number of sandwich men to advertise a book by walking along the boulevards and reading the work with profound attention. A gentleman who happened to look over the shoulder of one of these men found that the volume which he appeared to be devouring with an interest absolutely intense was held by him upside down!

We have also seen sandwich men dressed as cooks, and calling attention to the possibility of obtaining a good dinner at a certain restaurant, or promenading the streets in wet weather attired in mackintoshes which had the name of the maker painted on the back.

This last idea has been recently improved upon by the proprietor of a certain enamel, who had procession of fourteen or fifteen men wearing mackintoshes of different colors, representing some of the shades in which the enamel in question could be purchased.

Some time since a hansom cab was driven at a very rapid pace along the Strand, and passers by observed, to their horror, there were two men inside engaged in an apparently deadly conflict.

Fearing that murder was about to be committed, they raised an alarm, and some bold individuals rushed to the horse, and brought the animal to standstill. There upon, the two persons who, a minute before, seemed to be engaged in a life or death struggle, quietly leaned forward, and distributed among the crowd some handbills inviting them to go to such and such a theatre to witness a certain performance.

Grains of Gold.

Who on earth could live were all judged justly?

An idler is a watch which wants both hands.

Pity is self-evolved; enthusiasm is contagious.

The world is a warfare and heroism the highest good.

Nothing is more terrible than ignorance with spurs on.

In the laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause.

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of ignorance.

Few persons live to-day, but all are preparing to do so to-morrow.

We poor fools of time always hurry as if we were the last type of man.

One learns more metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the philosophers.

The troubles of to day are easily borne; it is the troubles we anticipate which shorten life.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

It is only periods of great calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun.

Live in the truth, be the house great or small. Walk in the truth, be the path broad or narrow. He who hides the truth sins.

Seek not to have things happen as you choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do, and so may you live prosperously.

There is no knowledge for which so high a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it except at the expense of a hardened or a wounded heart.

Femininities.

Negligence is a crime.

Women excel in one sort of courage—the courage of resignation.

The average American man weighs 141½ pounds; the woman, 124¾.

Money is the best cosmetic for making an ugly woman pass for a beauty.

Our likings and dislikes are founded rather upon humor and fancy than upon reason.

Jorum says that marriage may be a partnership, but that woman never is the silent partner of the firm.

If a woman were about to proceed to her execution she would demand a little time to perfect her toilet.

Brown: "Does your wife keep her temper very well?" Jones: "Um—um—er—pretty well; but I get most of it."

Jones, after a delightful waltz: "And now, Miss Brown, let us go and seek some 'refreshment for man and beast.'"

Whenever you find a man who is a failure you will find also a patient little woman who makes his excuses to the world.

The Russian crown and other ornaments known as "the crown jewels" are valued at $11,000,000. The crown itself is worth $6,000,000.

A Chicago girl remarks, that the reason the evenings are shorter now is because it does not stay light so long after dark as it did awhile back.

Rev. Mr. Tillingnast: "Not quarreling, hope, children?" Tommy: "Oh, no; we're just having tableaux." "What does this one represent?" "Mamma asking papa for money."

Beware of lightly condemning the action of others; the intention of our neighbor must be considered, and this is often right and pure, even though the action may outwardly appear reprehensible.

The altar of St. Patrick in the big and still unfinished Church of the Paulist Fathers, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, which cost $1800, is the gift of two poor women who earn their money as cooks.

Mrs Snob: "Did you enjoy your summer trip very much?" Mrs. Bobb: "Oh, just moderately. I might have enjoyed it better if the city papers had not come every day and made me realize that I was one hundred and fifty miles from a bargain counter."

The Moldavian Princess Cusa is an unworldly girl. Her young husband, who died not long ago, left to her all his property, worth about $600,000. She is devoting the whole of her yearly income to charities, and is a nurse in a children's hospital at Jassy.

About the way of it. Wife: "You do not speak to me as affectionately as you used to, George. I think you have ceased to love me." Husband: "There you are again! Ceased to love you! Why, I love you better than my life. Now shut up and let me read my paper."

Why the Amazons fight better than the regular male soldiery is explained by one who was captured by the French in a battle last spring. Each woman is promised a mile square in Heaven, three husbands, all the fish and honey she needs, and the satisfaction of killing an enemy once a week.

Widower, to undertaker: "What! You say the funeral costs $200. I wish I had known that before." Undertaker: "You said you wanted your late wife buried in a stylish manner." "Yes, certainly; but $200! Why, I would rather have had no funeral at all than to have to pay that amount."

"It's really too bad, Laura, that you have such hard luck, Jack was quite a different man before he got married." "I hope you don't mean to reflect on me. I am sure it's not my doings." "No, dear, I don't blame you. I can't help thinking, however, that if Jack had married some other woman you would be much happier to-day."

Parrot keeping is a fruitful source of crime. Nearly 45 per cent. of female convicts have at some period of their lives kept parrots, and a careful comparison made between 1000 shopkeepers of the weaker sex who indulge in parrots and 1000 of the same class who abstain totally from parrots and dicky birds, show that the former are 27 times more liable to be arrested on charges of dishonesty than the latter.

A peculiar marriage was quietly solemnized at a New Haven, Conn., church recently. The contracting parties were a widow, aged 40 years, and a young man, who will not be eligible to vote for several months. The bride did all the courting, and says that she married in order to have some one she could trust to help her in the small notion store that she has kept for several years. She says it is cheaper to get married than to pay a clerk.

A suburban widower married a second time, and his choice was a wealthy lady about 50 years of age. When the bride and bridegroom returned home from the wedding, the husband, introducing the wife to his children, said, "My dear children, kiss this lady. She is the new mamma I promised to bring you." After taking a steady look at the "new mamma," little Charlie said, "Pa, you have been cheated! She isn't new at all!"

A correspondent writes: "I see that a lady in Jersey City died of blood poisoning resulting from a bee sting. Had she gone into the nearest laundry and rubbed the part affected with a blueing she would now be alive and well of the sting." It is an effectual remedy. I know several cases where indigo applied in that simple manner cured. Perhaps you will give this a place in your valuable journal, and some of your thousands of readers may have cause to bless you."

It is a delicate proceeding to tell a woman that you do not like the music she makes, but in case of necessity the thing can be done. A gentleman with a sensitive and cultivated ear was much annoyed by the persistent and wretched piano playing of a woman who occupied the room over his head. One day he met her in the hall accompanied by her 5-year-old daughter. "Your little girl plays quite well for a child of her age," he remarked in a most friendly manner. "I hear her practicing every day."

Masculinities.

When passion opens the door, reason exits by the window.

Other men's sins are before our eyes, our own behind our backs.

In Berlin every carcass sold to be eaten is microscopically tested.

A man learns from experience in everything except in marrying.

Gold weighs one and two-third tons per $1,000,000; silver, 27¾ tons.

There is one show of breeding vulgarity seldom assumes—simplicity.

Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.

Of all mistakes, the greatest is to live and think life of no consequence.

The play we can all take a part in without training or rehearsal—Playing the fool.

Persons of any weight of character carry, like the planets, their atmospheres along with them.

How we admire the man who happens to catch us when we are doing a good deed on the sly!

Poultices of tar applied to the soles of the feet are commended in Georgia as a cure for rheumatism.

It many times falls out that we believe ourselves much deceived by others, because we first deceived ourselves.

Apply your strength and your intellect on matters which lie at hand and on problems which admit of a solution.

Truth is far more intensely interesting than fiction, when the heart and affections are enlisted in the subject.

Man, irreverent, trifling man, should abstain from sneers at womankind till he has learned to hold a plate of ice cream on his lap without toeing in.

Almost any man knows more than his father until he is forty years old. Then he drops into the ranks of the ignorant, and begins to take lessons.

Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not best subjects; for they are ever light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition.

Some practical but inartistic German has made up a compound of sugar and condensed milk and tea, from which a cup of tea can be had by simply pouring on boiling water.

Prince Herbert Bismarck cherishes carefully the wreck of a watch which he carried during the Franco-Prussian war, and which stopped a bullet that might otherwise have ended his life.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been the most injured by slanderers, as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

Tom: "Yes, I called to see Skem's daughter last night, Harry, and I found it hard to tear myself away." Harry: "She had such a hold upon you, eh?" Tom: "No; it was the dog I had to tear myself away from."

Prison warden, to prisoner: "We always like to assign the prisoners to the trades with which they are most familiar, and shall be happy to do so in your case. What is your trade?" Prisoner: "I am a commercial traveler."

Health officer: "Have you ever been inoculated?" Mr. Bremley, rather apologetically: "Free times, boss; da's all." "What for?" "Wonst fer stealin' chick'ns, wonst fer 'sault 'n battery, an' when I j'ined de Masons."

Mrs. Auger: "I hear they're making a door with five keyholes. It will be easier to unlock. You can find it when you come home late at night." Mr. Auger: "Rubbish: When I come home late one keyhole is about all I care to find."

Repentant son: "Mother, you warned me when I married Miss De Pink that I'd made my bed and must lie on it." Mother: "I did." "Well, I shan't ask you to remake the bed, but I do wish you'd come and superintend the cooking."

For clever spellers to be asked to write out from dictation: A narrative of a harrassed jugler's embarrassment in gauging the symmetry of a peeled pear, wanist a peddler's pony, with unparalleled ecstacy, ate a potato out of a fiddler's pigtrough.

Mrs. Peabody: "You look pensive, my dear." Her recently married daughter: "I've had an awful tiff with Tom." "Didn't I caution you to avoid the first unkind word?" "I tried to, but he declares that I broke the rule when I said 'yes' to his proposal six months ago."

A little boy was the other day asked if he did not wish that a certain lady of whom he was very fond and who had just died could come back to him. He thought a moment and replied: "Well, yes; if she can come just like any other lady and make a call, yes: but if she comes with her wings and can not sit down, I think she had better stay where she is."

W. J. Ayres and his divorced wife were married in Chicago the other day. Their wedding-cards bore this startling and original line: "Whatever God joined together let not rum put asunder." During their former wedded life Mr. Ayres became so dissipated that his wife could not live with him, so got a divorce. Ayres reformed, and for a couple of years has been a Prohibition exhorter.

In visiting foreign countries the amateur photographer should keep his camera as much out of sight as possible. In many places there are local rules against photographing certain objects. No one will interfere, as a rule, except the police. So, with an eye open to the officers, the amateur can usually secure all the views he wants. The lunch-basket blind is as good as any; that is, the camera is placed in a wicker lunch basket constructed with covers and peep-holes. It was a successful dodge at the Paris Exhibition, and many pictures were gained in full sight of police and watchmen.

Recent Book Issues.

General Grant had no nearer or dearer friend than Geo. W. Childs, Esq., of this city. Thus the latter's little book of "Recollections of General Grant," have a special merit. They are full of interesting and valuable facts not generally known, that throw a flood of new light upon the character of the dead soldier. The work is written in a simple, modest style, that makes it additionally welcome. Published by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Among the attractions in the August *Wide Awake* are: "The Princess Rosetta and the Pop Corn Man," a fanciful story by Mary E. Wilkins, illustrated by Garrett. "Three Little Candles," another fanciful story by Susan Coolidge; "The Hat of the Postmaster," by Mrs. Fremont; "Oy Hop's Victory," the story of a Canadian Indian boy at school, by H. C. Chippman; "The Story of Bloody Creek," an Arcadian tale by Miss McLeod; "A Lake Party," an installment of Mr. Ward's serial "The New Senior at Andover," and many other sketches, poems and pictures, combining amusement and instruction. D. Lothrop, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Cassell's Family Magazine for August gives the concluding chapters of "To Be Given Up," and an installment of the new serial, "Womanlike." "The Mysteries of the Pacific" will attract all who are interested in archæological researches. "Pocket Handkerchief Work," with pen and pencil, illustrates the mysteries of the art of making table-cloths out of cotton handkerchiefs. The "Family Doctor" has a timely article on "Fruit as Food." "The Art of Accommodating" is an amusing illustrated sketch. The first part of a three-part story entitled "The Merchant Prince" is given. "The Lord Chancellor's Work" is accompanied by the portraits of the ex-Lord Chancellor and the present incumbent. "Some Summer Savories" contains timely suggestions. There are London and Paris fashion letters, short stories, plenty of poetry, music, and much useful information in the "Gatherer" department. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The August number of the *Magazine of Art* has for its frontispiece a photogravure from the painting by Ford Madox Brown, called "The Last of England," and the opening article is devoted to the consideration of the work of the English art reformer Lucy Madox Rossetti. There are several wood engravings from Mr. Madox Brown's best-known pictures. In this number is begun what promises to be a most interesting series of papers on "Illustrated Journalism in England." Thackeray's connection with this feature of journalism is interesting to his admirers. A poem called "The Wife," written by Thomas Woolner, R. A., and illustrated by Margaret I. Dicksee, occupies two pages of this number. "Current Art" is well commented upon by M. H. Spielmann and carefully illustrated. The art student will be interested in "Dew-Drenched Furze," by Sir Everett Millais. "John Kay and His Portraits" will interest those curious in art studies with its old-fashioned pictures, and there is an illustrated paper on the "Armor and Arms at the Tudor Exhibition." The art notes of this number are full and valuable. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* is contributed by that popular English author, Mrs. Alexander. The story is entitled "What Gold Cannot Buy." The many readers of Mrs. Alexander's "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," and other charming stories will devour with pleasure this new and captivating romance. "Lawn Tennis for Women," is the title of an article which will greatly interest all lady players. Rudyard Kipling, whom the London *World* has dubbed "A New Literary Hero," contributes a powerful story called "At the End of the Passage." A very interesting biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe, is contributed by Eleanor P. Allen. In an article on "Milk-Legislation," R. M. Elfreth, presents the best European legislative methods for preserving the purity of this important article of diet. Charles Morris contributes an interesting sketch of "The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences." In the Department of "Book-Talk," Julian Hawthorne has a clever essay upon ghosts. Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard contributes a remarkable and strikingly original poem entitled "Zanthon—My Friend." Other poems in this number are "Veiled," by Margaret Vandegrift; "Ebb and Flow," by H. W. F.; "The Pale Cast of Thought," by Owen Wister; and "Woman," by Charles H. Crandall.

The Lady Clerk.

BY PERCY REEVE.

MR. HORATIO COCKLES sat in his private office at 175, Chaffinch Lane, feeling in the worst of tempers. He had just transacted some very unpleasant business. He had been compelled to give a month's notice to his managing clerk, who, though he had enjoyed his employer's confidence for many years, had latterly become so addicted to drink and so slovenly in his work, that easy-going Mr. Cockles was compelled to admit that "a change" was desirable. It was half past three o'clock, and "Americans" had come very flat. Suddenly a clerk entered, and presented a card, which bore the simple legend:

"Miss Simpson."

"Wishes to see you on business," said the man with an ill-concealed sneer. He little thought that she would be accorded an interview, but Miss Simpson had been peremptory.

Mr. Cockles, under ordinary circumstances, would as soon have thought of admitting a Sister of Mercy intent on collecting subscriptions, or the venerable nuisance who sold steel pens, as Miss Simpson, in whom he by no means scented a client. But to-day he felt desperate, and, with a reckless gesture, he said, "Oh! show her in."

When Miss Simson entered, he at once perceived that she was very good-looking. But he waited for her to speak first, which she did as follows:

"I have called upon you, sir, with the view of obtaining, if possible, a situation as clerk. For three years I have been governess in a gentleman's family, and from him you will obtain any references that you may require. I have the habit of application to work and some knowledge of book-keeping. Should you feel disposed to give me a trial, I shall endeavor, with some confidence of success, to give you satisfaction."

Mr. Cockles was impressed in spite of himself. The lady was attractive, and he already felt his ill-humor vanishing. He had discharged a clerk that morning, and unquestionably there was a vacancy in his office.

Why should he not give this young person a trial and advance the staff a step? Then he looked at the fair applicant again, and, after a short conversation, Miss Simpson retired on the understanding that if her references were satisfactory, she would hear from Mr. Cockles again.

One week later Miss Simpson was installed in a subordinate position.

Years rolled on, and she had gradually worked her way up. She now occupied a post of some importance, and the exemplary way in which she fulfilled her duties put to silence any jealousy which might otherwise have been felt among her colleagues of the sterner sex.

Indefatigable and calm, she supervised every bargain; and she evinced a peculiar alacrity in collecting "differences" from doubtful customers at an early hour on each settling day. Mr. Cockles was enchanted.

Never had he made a better investment than when he engaged Miss Simpson at a modest wage. She was so pretty too. He was not a "marrying man," but what was he to do?

Everything seemed to point to an even closer connection than had hitherto subsisted between himself and his interesting *protegee*. One fine afternoon he rang his bell and desired Miss Simpson to step into the sanctum.

"I have been thinking," said the sole partner, "that you have shown yourself worthy of the confidence I reposed in you. You have been faithful as a clerk, and I now ask you to be my wife."

"I would help you to keep the business together," replied Miss Simpson blushing, and with her eyes on the ground.

Mr. Cockles was enraptured. And the more he gazed on the lady before him, the more he felt that it was impossible he could have made a mistake; and that to him alone, perhaps, of a million men similarly situated, had been vouchsafed the full cup of bliss which at once satisfied his inclination and his cupidity.

It were impious to pry further into the *pros and cons* of a marriage thus idyllically arranged. Mr. Cockles, in six weeks, became the husband of one wife, and that lady, *nee* Miss Simpson, became not only the partner of his joys and sorrows, but also his business partner, which was very much more to the point. And the profits multiplied as month succeeded month; Mrs. Cockles was assiduous in her attendance, and seemed imbued with an almost mannish disregard for merely "home comforts," provided she could make money in the City.

Meanwhile her husband was feeling as though a holiday might do him good. He had not taken one for some years, principally because he hardly dared to leave his office. But things were changed now. With his own flesh and blood, with Mrs. Cockles, *nee* Simpson, to manage affairs in his absence, what need was there for him to worry about such a trifle? So he accepted an invitation to Scotland, and signed a power of attorney in favor of his wife.

During the first few days of the good gentleman's vacation, letters came pretty regularly; they embodied a flattering amount of affection, and always concluded with the prices of such stocks and shares as the firm happened to be interested in. But suddenly these advices ceased, and after a week in Caithness without any sign from Chaffinch Lane, Mr. Horatio Cockles began to feel uneasy.

On the eight day he received a telegram. Not from his wife, but from a male clerk. He hurried home home as enjoined by the despatch, and found the office in the utmost confusion. To begin with, a month's salary was owing all round. Mrs. Cockles was not to be found; no more was the cashier. But the lady had left a note for her husband. In it she frankly confessed that she had made off to America with all the money she could realise on account of the firm, and that she was accompanied by the cashier.

She concluded by saying: "But you will, I am sure, hardly care to prosecute your own wife, even if you could find her, which you cannot. Old man, I fear you must begin again!

"GEORGINA COCKLES, (*nee* SIMPSON)."

Cockles was ruined.

When last heard of, Mr. Horatio was capering about in a private lunatic asylum with a peacock's feather in his hair, and singing in a desultory sort of way:

"Has any one seen my Mary Anne?"

DAMPNESS IN THE HOUSE.—The inside of external walls should never have the plastering applied immediately on the face. They should be battened, says a writer in a contemporary, by means of long narrow slips of wood attached by holdfasts to the inside face of the wall. These slips or battens receive the laths upon which the plastering is applied. The space formed by the battens between the wall and the lathing effectually keeps out the humidity. No impervious covering should be laid on wooden floors in the lowermost story—such as oil cloth, for instance. A certain moist air always rises from the ground and escapes through the joints in the boards; but, if this be intercepted by an oil-cloth, the air will rot the boards and oil-cloth in a very few months.

LITTLE pitcher to visitor: "Mrs. Smith, are you almost blind?" Mrs. Smith: "Blind? Why, what put that idea into your head?" "Mama said you could't read figures." Couldn't read figures?" "Yes; she said you'd never see forty again."

"How often we entertain angels unawares!" "Yes; but in most cases they wouldn't get the entertainment if they didn't preserve their incognito."

Passion is ever the enemy of truth.

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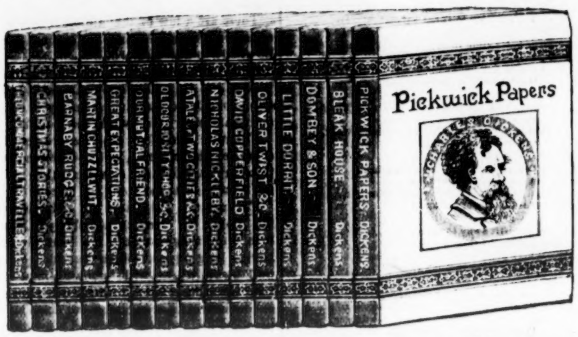

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

NATURE VS. ART.

The moon looked down with sullen frown
Upon the electric-lighted town
With envious sight,
"Alas!" with saddened voice, she said,
"That I were numbered with the dead
'Ere I was forced my light to shed
With such a light.

"For countless years I've ruled alone
Always to be relied upon
To appear in season;
On me no fault was ever laid—
Nature's laws I ne'er betrayed
And now this flickering, flirting jade
Usurps my station."

"I will not stand it!" she cried with heat,
"My friends shall aid me and this cheat
Shall know her place.
Blow, brother wind, blow out her light—
She even tries to turn the night
Into the day, and thus doth nature's right
Defiant face."

The wind blew hard as ever it could;
High up the arc light swung or stood
To suit the breeze;
The rain came down a tremendous pour
Combined with the wind, one deafening roar.
Vain, all vain, the lights shone out as bright as before,
With perfect ease.

"Ah, me! 'Tis all in vain, in vain,
Thy works excel, oh cruel man!"
She shrank away.
Just then, with a dying, flickering glow,
The lights went out with fluttering flow—
Something had busted the dynamo—
The moon would stay!

—U. N. NONE.

Out on a strike—A defective lucifer match.

Why is a game of tennis like a party of children?—Because there is always a racket.

"You press the trigger and we do the rest," as the revolver said to the fool who "didn't know it was loaded."

It is not so great a wonder, come to think, that so many people are illiterate. Everybody was born that way.

A Camden man is credited with the idea of calling a newspaper "The Umbrella." He thinks everybody would take it.

A country clergyman recently announced from the pulpit: "A collection will be made at the poor for the benefit of the door."

"Which is the best position in which to sleep?" asked a patient.

"I usually lie down," replied the doctor.

Chicago girl: "I threw my shoe after the carriage as the wedding party drove away."

New York girl: "What! Without any help?"

Dentist, kindly: "Now does that hurt?"

Patient: "I don't mind your working on the tooth so much, but if you will just take your sleeve-button out of my right eye, I shall be obliged."

Daughter: "I believe I was born to marry a nobleman."

Father: "Yes; but, daughter, try to look on the bright side of life—perhaps you'll die."

Tommy: "Say, Mr. Mann, why didn't you bring your preserves with you?"

Mr. Mann: "My preserves?"

"Yes; papa said you had a beautiful case of jim-jams yesterday."

Sweet girl: "If it's just the same, Mr Mashuer, you needn't to trouble yourself to call any more."

Mashuer, earnestly: "Oh, thanks; it's no trouble at all—I like to call."

"Is that a love letter?" asked one young lawyer of another, who was poring busily over some closely-written sheets.

"Oh, no," replied the other, confusedly. "It is just a writ of attachment."

Little girl: "Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?"

Veteran's little girl: "Yes."

"Where is his other one?"

"Hush, dear, it's in heaven."

Thin boarder: "I don't see how you manage to fare so well at this boarding house. I have industriously courted the landlady and all her daughters, but I'm half starved."

Fat boarder: "I court the cook."

"That's a very odd looking clock," he remarked, trying to keep the yawning girl awake by making talk.

"Yes," she answered. "But that's all that can be said about it. It's time, but it never goes."

Maud: "Have you heard the news? Jack Bounton is in financial difficulties.

Edna: "No, is that so? Why, do you know, he proposed to me last night."

Maud: "Dear me! I didn't think his case was so desperate as that."

"Now, look here," said the Professor to the Infuriated Bull, "you are my superior in strength, I am your superior in mind. Let us arbitrate this matter and see which should by right get the better of our controversy."

"Oh, no," replied the Bull. "let's toss up for it."

The Professor lost.

Harry: "I thought you were engaged to Miss Rosebud?"

Frank, proudly: "So I am."

Harry: "Well, I saw a man kissing her a little while ago."

Frank: "What! Who was the fellow?"

Harry: "Her father."

Woman, to drug store clerk: "Have you any article called a 2-cent postage stamp on sale?"

Drug clerk, mechanically: "We sometimes keep it, but I think we are out of it just now. There is very little demand for it. Quite inferior, I assure you. Now, we make an article of our own that—oh, it was a postage stamp you want! Certainly; here is one. Have it charged?"

SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT.—There was a lion tamer who willingly ventured into the cages of the most ferocious beasts, having no fear of them, although he was often badly bitten; but he had a dreadful fear of taking bronchitis.

One day, after he had entered, with perfect composure, a cage containing two half-starved bears and a panther, he shook his head gravely as he came out.

"Well, well, sir," he said to a gentleman who stood near, "this is going to end badly for me some day."

"You are afraid those ferocious animals will devour you then?"

"The animals? Phsaw! You don't think I'm afraid of them sir? Not at all; but these cages, sir, are such a dreadful place for draughts!"

THE "FATTEST GIRL IN PARIS," Victorel Fantin, died Sunday and was buried Thursday with great ceremony. She was only 19 years of age, and weighed 470 pounds. She was engaged at the Eden Theatre, but her size was such that she made very few appearances. It required seven strong men to assist her from her house to the stage.

CLEANING CLOTH.—Cloth jackets or ulsters may be cleansed of grease by covering the spots with French chalk, placing a piece of blotting-paper over it, and then pressing with a hot iron. Rub with a dry flannel and brush well.

MARKS of Civilization—Telegraph poles are getting to be so close together in cities that there is no longer much excuse for a drunken man falling down.

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All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

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1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER, Oak Lodge Thorpe, Nov. 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully, LEONARD MYERS, Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wontsd thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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"I thank God and you for your READY RELIEF and PILLS, which have cured me completely of Influenza." W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.

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It will in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness Sleeplessness, Cholera Morbus, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all internal pains.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Gradually the abnormal tightness and plainness of the skirts for fashionable toilettes is yielding to the inducement offered by the art of draping. The rigidity, the iron stiffness is softened by a few graceful pleats. The moulding lines of the corsage are rendered less trying by a scarf or fichu drapery, small and slight yet enough to fulfil its purpose.

Outdoor dresses are made simply of simple materials; serge and light cloth of severe cut are the most general dresses for the purpose, but a great deal of luxury in embroideries are employed for indoor toilettes.

A dress of dust-gray nun's veiling has a very slightly draped skirt, bordered with a scalloped band of rich filigree embroidery formed by the emerald green silk cord.

The corsage is draped at the waist to fit the figure, the folds secured by three vertical bands of embroidery rising as high as the bust, the centre band rising nearly to the neck.

At the waist is a Swiss belt of nun's veiling, edged with embroidery. The tight sleeves are embroidered on the shoulder with an eccentric spreading design not unlike the tentacles of an octopus.

A mauve band of embroidery edges the sleeves and trims the collar. The sleeves are cut in a single piece. They are puffed on the shoulder, but are very tight below the elbow.

The combination of colors is in only too many cases very eccentric. The most daring contrasts are secured by our modistes and couturieres. At a late fashionable marriage, the bridesmaids were in white dresses, with sleeves of emerald velvet, and sashes of mauve silk!

Pink evening dresses are trimmed with a crude grenat shade. Pink and mauve has become quite an ordinary combination, so has mauve and pale green, but an attempt is made to accentuate the contrast by deepening the shades, and the effect is not always a happy one. On hats gray is combined with sulphur colored flowers or pink roses.

The extreme plainness of dresses has been a source of anxiety to couturieres. It was feared that prices must rapidly abate. To obviate this, the luxury of embroidery has been called into account, and able embroiderers have been engaged to cover dresses with lovely floral designs of every variety of fancy stitch.

All the flowers of creation appear on the new materials, not woven but embroidered thereon by hand.

Orchards of gorgeous coloring are cut in velvet, and are applied on silk or woolen fabrics.

On a dress of "ripe corn," crepe de Chine are embroidered Parma violets of natural size cut with art from velvet of the correct color. In some dresses the embroidered flowers are replaced by printed designs or printed patterns imitating painting.

Orchids in dark velvet, encircled with chenille, are worked on pink or blue peau de soie. The leaves, the stalks, all are reproduced with perfect fidelity.

A striking ball toilette of sky blue satin, is embroidered with jet, and is trimmed with draperies of sky blue crape. The effect is charming. But amongst the most successful embroideries must be quoted the applications of lace.

Doucet has lately turned out an exquisite example, a toilette of poppy red silk, embroidered with applications of black blonde The designs have been cut from the lace, destroying the tulle ground, the rich branches and great flowers of the pattern being transplanted to the ground of red silk, just as old brocades are cut up and embroidered on other materials for rich hangings or furniture.

The style of the dress is very simple. The skirt is covered with the embroidery, the full corsage being trimmed with the same. A black ribbon encircles the waist.

Beiges appear with silk stripes, in white and black, and with multicolored stripes on neutral grounds, such as heliotrope, gray, green and pink; the herring bone stripes give additional firmness, and there is every possible variety in checks and stripes; the knickerbocker stripe, with its rough flecks, appears in woolens of all kinds, and in cotton goods, and is quite a marked feature to be considered among the novelties.

Tailor-made gowns are deservedly popular and delightful wear, and several new tweeds have been brought out on purpose for them, thin and light, but more clothy in their texture than heretofore.

The so-called worsteds are everlasting wear; they have a shot effect, showing amalgamated colors, as if seen through a white mist, brought about by means of a white weaving apparently above the colors The same class of cloth has been brought out with checks and lines and silk mixtures mottled and flaked.

With the flaked cloths there is often a sort of rope stripe in distinct colors, the favorite mixtures being brown and pink, light and dark gray, and steel fawn and reseda.

Lace patterns are another feature of this year's woollen goods; white lace stripes appear on solid gray, pink, green, and other grounds, as well as other jacquard effects in floral sprays; and there is a sort of bunting material in light tones, with large dots and figures, which look as if they were painted on in dark colors.

But now I am coming to the more costly class of materials, and the greater novelties. They all have borders and panels, and the Bordure Treillage is the newest of all; a trellis work in silk is worked on to the surface of the cloth, and on this again forked patterns of a darker tone.

Sometimes the stripes are alternate white and a color, with at the edge a broad band of white on which the trellis pattern is thrown. I particularly admired a design in the new pink, the panel formed of narrow stripes, with a pattern thrown on it in red silk worked after the trellis-work order.

The Panels Dentelles have open work lace like stripes, and are so pretty, especially in the new heliotrope shade, with no admixture of color. The panel which is woven on to the wool, is all silk, with satin stripes at the edge that meets the wool.

It takes about a yard and three-eighths of this expensive portion of the dress, the rest may be all wool. A new tone in this panel is a fawn that shades to orange. In these lace borders there is a great variety.

Pretty serviceable voiles appear with a new face. A novelty is a plain ground, with a large double lined check and inclosing a broad speckled brown, like sack ing. This is thrown on red, blue, fawn, heliotrope and green and is always decided and startling. Do you, any of you, remember a useful grenadine and barege worn some thirty years ago? It is a long time back for the return of an old mode as a new one. The gauze grenadines in their new guise are very fascinating. Some are brocaded all over with a floral design in green, heliotrope, copper, or shade on black; some are striped with a thick vandyked point, which meets in the centre; and others, again, have silk ribbon borders, edged with soft silk tassels in a distinctive color. But newer than all is a lemon-color with a feather woven on in a very thin texture, and it has a most pleasing effect. It is repeated in a variety of colorings.

Plain materials are always well worn, but are not so new. Mohairs have much to commend them and they are wonderfully pretty when mixed with the same tones covered with a white silk brocade. The colorings this year are excellent; in these the leading tones are heliotrope, of the new pinky peach, gray, electric-blue, and fawn.

Cashmer is a new stuff, with fine diagonal weaving, like Indian cashmere without the hairy surface. It is cheap too, only very little a yard, double width, and all the woollen stuffs are double width now, the narrow is no use for draping; 44 to 48 inches is the universal measurement. Vigogne appears this year with black up standing hairs on the surface, and pure Indian cashmere is greatly in demand.

Some pretty cream armure, inexpensive, and most effective, is well suited to bridesmaids' wear. This has stripes in silk and wool, gauze stripes and lace stripes, and in no case are they costly, moreover, they last a long time.

In washing dresses, the great feature are voiles printed in floral and Pompadour designs, like finely wrought china painting. The sateens so closely resemble silk is is difficult to tell them apart, and some of the cashmerienne designs are of a most elaborate nature.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF INTEREST.

A holder for a ball of wool or cotton is often a welcome gift to a semi-invalid, who though ailing, is yet able to sit up in bed or on the sofa and occasionally do a little work.

The tiresome faculty a ball has under these circumstances for rolling away or getting lost is too well known, but this is impossible if it is safely tied up in a holder, which is firmly fastened to the side of the sofa or to the wall near the bed.

This holder in particular is made in two halves, which are laced together with gold cord after the ball is inside, and is crocheted with coarse purse silk.

Make 8 chain, and join into a ring, into which work 22 treble—2nd row, 3 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, repeat—3rd row, 3 treble into the 3 chain of previous round, 4 chain, repeat.—4th row.—2 treble, 5 chain. 2 treble into each hole made by 4 chain of 3rd row. Repeat this row three times.—8 th row.—1 double into the 5 chain of 7th row, 8 chain, repeat. In the 9th round work 1 double into every stitch of 8 chain to make a firm edge to that half of the holder.

Add a bow of ribbon, and a loop finished by another natty little bow, to make the holder as pretty as possible, and to the back of this second bow sew a large hook, or a safety pin, in case this should be required for fixing the holder.

Odds and ends of wool may be easily made up into pretty rattles and bells for very small children, and indeed, the gayer they are in color the better they are appreciated. If they are to be knitted, work as follows:

Cast on 12, and knit 36 rows plain, then cast off. Sew the cast on to the cast off stitches, and gather up one of the ends of the little tube thus made. Take a crochet hook, and work a loop of six chain to the top of the bell, then get a small toy bell and sew it inside this smart cover.

Make three bells in this way, loop a double piece of wool to the loop at the top of one of the bells, and work with it about 3 inches of chain.

Do the same to the other two bells, then use all six brands of wool, work about 4 inches of thick chain, and join the end of this to an indiarubber ring. It is quite as easy to make these bells of crochet, if preferred to knitting.

Wickerwork rattles are much welcomed by the very little ones, if they are covered up with soft woollen crochet. The work is begun with a ring of chain, into which is worked a row of any pretty crochet stitch; tufted crochet answers as well as anything. The work is continued row above row, round and round, until the bag thus made is large enough to cover the head of the rattle. A full row of treble, two of which are worked into each stitch, is then carried round the lower edge.

The handle of the rattle is covered with crochet. Make a chain the length of the handle, and work into it a sufficient number of rows of double crochet to make it fold eartily round the handle. Sew it on firmly, and if there should be a ring at the end, work it also over closely with double crochet. Then slip on the cap for the top of the rattle, tie it up firmly at the bottom with a cord of chain stitch, and add a couple of tassels or woollen balls at the top.

Harmless toy whips, too, can be made in knitting with wools of any gaudy color, a piece of stick about 12 inches long, and three or four toy bells.

First of all, cover the stick with a narrow strip of knitting worked on about 12 or 14 stitches, according to the thickness of the stick. Slip in the stick after sewing the edges of the strip together, then continue the knitting till 2 inches more are done, and in the next row begin to decrease by knitting the two middle stitches together, knit another inch, then decrease, and continue thus to decrease in every inch till all the stitches are used up.

Add a tassel to the tip of the thong and sew the bells to the handle.

These whips are so soft that they can be used without rousing the fears of mother or nurse, and are much enjoyed by the children, especially by those who already possess a set of Russian reins, made in either crochet or knitting.

It is scarcely necessary to give detailed instructions for making any of the numerous wraps and comforts that are to be found in every handbook upon knitting and crochet, but I cannot resist the temptation of describing a beautifully soft and cosy scarf I saw lately, made of the coarsest white Kashmyr de l'Inde, by which name is known a particularly soft and thick make of wool. White was used for the model wrap, which was made very simply as follows:

Into a foundation of 70 chain, the first of which was missed, was worked a row of double crochet, the front loop of the stitches being picked up. The remaining rows were double crochet also, and were likewise worked into the front loops of the stitches.

The scarf was about 2 yards long, and was finished all round with long loops of 12 chain, fastened into the edge stitches with 1 double. The top edge of the scarf, when it was in use, turned down for about 4 inches, not counting the fringe, and thus made a most becoming collar.

Such scarves may be worn in half a dozen different ways, look well in almost any color, and are so simple that anyone can make them. Plain knitting, or a fancy stitch, can be used instead of crochet, if preferred.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. P.—A jardiniere is a stand for plants of an ornamental character, sometimes covered with glass. "Marechal Niel" is a name given to a rose of a particular kind.

MAVOURNEEN.—Be natural and quite simple in your manners, and do not worry yourself about the opinion of others, yet try to have "a conscience void of offence."

BYRNES.—In the United States there are 121 deaths to every 1000 infants under one year old, and about 44 to every 1000 under five years old. In the large cities the death rate is, of course, greater than in the country at large.

READER.—Of course the engagement holds good until definitely broken off by the young lady, and it will be unwise of you to get engaged again until it is quite settled, as in that case she would be able to sue you for breach of promise.

B. B.—The "Arabian Nights" were first made known in Europe by Galland, a French Oriental scholar, who translated the stories into French in 1704. They were translated into English in 1708. They are of Indian, Persian and Arabian origin.

A. E. D.—Fir cones can be used for picture-frames, boxes, flower-jars, and stands, and many small decorations, such as wall-brackets. The foundation is made of common wood, on which the cones are firmly glued, and then varnished several times.

REBECCA.—We are sure no offence was intended. It is no longer the custom to introduce people to each other in a drawing-room, although the rule may be sometimes broken with advantage. Everyone should speak to everyone else. Your guarantee for their respectability is the character of your hostess.

A. M. S.—Prayer should be accompanied by earnest endeavor. To say "Lord! Lord!" is useless, useless you be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and the "doers of the work." Your religion should be practical as well as theoretical. We do not mean to say that it is otherwise in your case, and we hope you will take courage.

A. C. R.—A man who plays fast and loose for years is not quite a desirable acquaintance, and we strongly advise you to drop the connection. You say he has been mixed up in some disgraceful affair; if so, you are far better rid of him. If he deserts you before marriage, you may depend upon it that he will not be a very faithful husband when he has you at his mercy.

ROSIE.—In reply to your question, "How far off are the nearest stars?" we could not give a precise answer, as there are so many at respectively carying distances. Some of the nearest, according to Professor Lockyer, are more than 500,000 times the distance from us of our own sun, and many of them several hundred times larger, giving out light and heat in proportion.

MARGUERITE.—We think it was the custom in the denominations outside of those mentioned for the bride to enter the church leaning on the arm of the future husband. In fact in middle-class weddings it was the case up to within a few years. 2. The Mary J. Drexel home is, we believe, non-sectarian. Her husband J. K. Lankenau, who built it as a memorial is, we understand, a Lutheran.

SCHOOLGIRL.—The Amazons were a fabulous race of female warriors who inhabited an empire on the banks of the Euxine. They were such expert archers, that to denote the goodness of a bow or quiver, it was usual to call it "Amazonian." Recent theories seem to think their legend a a symbolical one, referring to the spread of some early religious system, perhaps of Lunar worship.

PSYCHO.—We are glad to know that you found we were right. In mercy's name, do not play tricks with mesmerism! Better be shut up in an asylum than make yourself the slave of a man who has the deadly power! If an operator is beneficent, he can perform marvels in the way of giving health; but, if he is malicious, he can work such mischief as no words of ours could by any chance describe.

DAISY.—Yes, there have been such phenomena as colored showers of rain, hail, snow, and dust in various parts of the world. In the year 1721 the raindrops of a heavy thunderstorm that fell on the grass near Constance looked like red-hot liquid metal; and in the winter of 1822 a snowfall near Freybourg showed blue light, and the raindrops left golden trains of light. Rain of a blood-color has also been known, and red dust likewise.

K. A. E.—You cannot be too careful; but the young fellow is evidently respectful, or he would not have passed you during two years without speaking. You should bow slightly in answer to his salute; if he speaks, you will be able to tell by his accent and manner whether he is a gentleman or not, and a little tact will do the rest. Only be careful: your curiosity is evidently strong, and curiosity has caused more mischief than almost anything that we know.

PLATO.—The philosopher held that a true friendship might exist between individuals of opposite sexes—a friendship so elevated as to be far above the most pure delights of love. Thus, if a man and woman cherish for each other such a feeling as might exist between two friendly and warm-hearted men, we call that Platonic affection. Perhaps no fantasy ever caused more bickering and mischief and misery. Take our advice and drop all such nonsense.

WELLS.—The enlargement of your neck, which is such a source of trouble to you, caused by a swelling on each side of the windpipe, is probably a condition of acquired goitre. It is an enlargement of a gland situated in the recess on each side of the windpipe, which is naturally invisible under the skin, but when enlarged by disease is rendered conspicuous. The condition being associated with debility, and often with palpitation, tonics, such as quinine and iron, can be recommended. The local application of iodine to the tumor is the first thing to be tried. But see a physician.

F. H.—If you look at a Mercator's chart, you will see that the line of latitude forty degrees north traverses the Atlantic, passing New York; then you have the meridian of forty degrees west. The weather is often severe in those regions, and the seamen call the hurricane district the "roaring forties." The Spanish Main is rather a vague term, but you may take it that the buccaneers spoke of the islands in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. The pirates used to make their raids on the mainland after leaving their island haunts on the east. You can buy the "Lives of the Pirates" cheaply anywhere.